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Full Name of Author — Nom complet de l'auteur
ALEXANDRA CHARLOTTE DENCE

Date of Birth — Date de naissance
26/2/57

Country of Birth — Lieu de naissance
CANADA

Permanent Address — Résidence fixe
11234 72ND AVE.
EDMONTON, ALTA.
T6G 0B5.

Title of Thesis — Titre de la thèse
POETIC FICTION IN *WUTHERING HEIGHTS* AND *JANE EYRE*.

University — Université
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Degree for which thesis was presented — Grade pour lequel cette thèse fut présentée
M. A.

Year this degree conferred — Année d'obtention de ce grade
1984

Name of Supervisor — Nom du directeur de thèse
Dr. Juliette McMaster.

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POETIC FICTION IN *JANE EYRE* AND *WUTHERING HEIGHTS*

by

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A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH
IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE
OF MASTER OF ARTS

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

EDMONTON, ALBERTA
FALL, 1984

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research, for acceptance, a thesis entitled "Poetic Fiction in Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights" submitted by Alexandra Charlotte Dence in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

Juliet McMaster
Supervisor

J. W. Bilsland

Date December 22, 1983

ABSTRACT

It is the object of this thesis to analyse what constitutes the poetic in fiction. The form of poetic fiction is particularly appropriate to the expression of the self and its fulfilment, which is the central thematic concern of both Wuthering Heights and Jane Eyre.

The first chapter, using these two novels as examples, differentiates between the expectations with which the reader approaches prose, and those with which he approaches poetry. In the second and third chapters Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights are examined as poetic fictions, with emphasis on their allegorical structure, figurative language, and the impressionistic nature of the prose. These novels are poetic largely because their language reveals more through its aural and symbolic texture than through its informative content. In order to be fully appreciated and understood, they must be approached, partly at least, as though the reader were reading poetry.

The final chapter compares the two novels, to show that the impressions gleaned from a poetic reading of the prose carry the most weight.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION: JANE EYRE AND WUTHERING HEIGHTS AS POETIC FICTION

In a letter to W. S. Williams, Charlotte Brontë outlined what she believed to be the responsibility of an author:

> The first duty of an author is, I conceive, a faithful allegiance to Truth and Nature; his second, such a conscientious study of Art as shall enable him to interpret eloquently and effectively the oracles delivered by these two great deities. The Bells are very sincere in their worship of Truth . . . .[1]

An "allegiance to Truth and Nature" can be interpreted as a loyalty to fact, an allegiance to the accurate presentation of reality. However, the Brontës were loyal to a particular kind of truth and nature. The facts that they wrote about had to do with the subjective, often seemingly irrational, truths of the heart and the imagination. The Brontës represented the reality of the self and its experience in their novels. At the same time, both attempted to recognise and remain faithful to the conditions of the external world of prosaic, impersonal reality. Emily, in particular, demonstrated an almost obsessive concern for precision in the factual, historical and practical details of her novel. In Wuthering Heights the world of the self, expressed in dreams, visions, madness and passion, is restrained by, and contained within, the practical, commonsensical, social sphere of others. In Jane Eyre, the passionate, imaginative spirit and will of the heroine are confined by her plain, unimposing appearance and her need to earn a living. Her desire to fulfil her passionate nature is balanced throughout by her need to be financially solvent. She must remain on good terms with Rochester, for both emotional and practical reasons. He is her lover and her employer, as is St. John, in a different context and to a lesser extent.

Charlotte and Emily wanted to bring an expression and revelation of the self out of the rarefied language of poetry, which is its natural medium, into the "very language that men use."[2] Emily succeeded better in this endeavour than did Charlotte whose prose is sometimes self-consciously poetical. However, both desired to express an experience in a language normally reserved for the transference of factual, or more strictly factual, information. Thus the paradoxes that are intrinsic to any discussion or revelation of emotional and spiritual experience are held within the paradox of expressing this experience in a form for which it would not normally be suited. It is not surprising, then, that the novels are about reconciling a variety of different kinds of conflicts.

The truth that Emily and Charlotte Brontë discovered at the "oracles" determined the art form which they felt best expressed the "deities'" message. In an article written in The Toronto Quarterly in 1950, Matthew H. Scargill points out that there is a distinction between factual truth and poetic truth and that the reader who approaches Jane Eyre with the expectations appropriate to a reading of conventional prose will be disappointed. He maintains that Charlotte's subject required a poetic treatment and her novel is written as a poet would write prose. He asserts:

> We make no demands of probability on the poet. All we ask is that he shall symbolize his experience, recreate it for us, by whatever means he thinks best.[3]

The logic and coherence of the novel depend upon a poetic reading of the prose. In fact, Jane Eyre was initially criticised for being implausible and artificial precisely because it appears to be a novel without fulfilling the conventional conditions of one. It has been seen as "potentially absurd, highly improbable, [and] apparently artless when viewed in plot summary."[4] Wuthering Heights was also initially denounced for similar reasons. An anonymous review published in 1848 in The Examiner describes the book as "strange . . . wild, confused, disjointed and improbable." Referring to Heathcliff, the reviewer felt that "it is with difficulty that we can prevail upon ourselves to believe in the appearance of such a phenomenon." The reviewer further commented that "if this book . . . be the first work of the author, we hope that he will produce a second . . . developing his incidents more carefully, eschewing exaggeration and obscurity, and looking steadily at human life."[5] Both novels were unfavourably compared to the novels of their contemporary writers, Thackeray and Dickens, and to the novels of their predecessors, Austen, Defoe and Fielding. It was generally agreed that as conventional prose Wuthering Heights and Jane Eyre were not particularly successful. David Cecil argues, much as Scargill does for Jane Eyre, that to approach Wuthering Heights from the perspective of the novel form of the Brontës' age is a mistake and ensures a basic misunderstanding of the book's purpose: "If Wuthering Heights was meant to be the same sort of novel as Vanity Fair or David Copperfield, it is a lamentable failure."[6] It is a "lamentable failure" in comparison to these novels because

> . . . it was never meant to be anything of the kind. The first fact to be realized about Emily Brontë, if we are to appreciate her properly, is that her achievement is of an intrinsically different kind from that of her contemporaries.[7]

Similarly, an appreciation of Jane Eyre requires that the reader understand that it cannot, as Scargill points out, be criticised "in the same spirit in which we criticise Vanity Fair or Tom Jones."[8]

The Brontës' subject matter, their treatment of it, and their attitude towards the role of the writer is poetic according to the way in which the Romantics viewed poetry and the function of the poet in his age. Wordsworth's definition of poetry in the Preface to the 1800 edition of The Lyrical Ballads as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings"[9] is particularly relevant to the Brontë novels. The poet is seen as an artist who creates under the influence of the imagination and emotion. The effect of passion and the imagination upon the faculties of the poet is perceived as though the poetic inspiration were a narcotic. Certainly Thomas De Quincey saw the effect of the imagination upon the poet as similar to the experience of being under the influence of opiates. The important point is that the poetic inspiration is seen as both something that is external to the mind and heart of the poet, but which controls and focuses his powers, and it is also seen as something that is generated from within him. He feels compelled to write. Charlotte Brontë believed that "authors write best, or at least, most fluently [when] an influence seems to awaken in them, which will have its own way--putting out of view all behests but its own, dictating certain words and insisting on their being used . . . ."[10] Poetry was seen by the Romantics and the Brontës as the creative release of the imagination interpreting the interior world of the self, its thought, feeling and belief patterns. De Quincey claimed that there is a distinction between what he called a "literature of knowledge," which records factual information and can be taken more or less literally, and a "literature of power."[11] "Literature of power," on the other hand, must be read as though the ideas and words of the text had symbolic or metaphoric significance because its subjects emerge from the internal world of the heart and imagination. De Quincey believed that strong emotion facilitates the apprehension of those truths which cannot be communicated through a "literature of knowledge." He further believed that the heart has a special access to some forms of truth unavailable to the unaided reason. He talked about "impassioned prose" as being the highest form of literature, and certainly Wuthering Heights and Jane Eyre contain much "impassioned prose." Poetic fiction itself can be seen as a definition of "literature of power." As Shelley maintained in his "A Defense of Poetry," poetic truth is not confined to the poem form: "The parts of a composition may be poetical, without the composition as a whole being a poem."[12]

For the Romantics and for the Brontës, nature formed a kind of 'objective correlative' for the internal world of the self. In this sense, poetry and nature fulfil a similar function in the typically romantic endeavour to give form to the formless, to externalise the purely internal. Emily Brontë reveals an essentially romantic view of the imagination and its relation to nature in her poetry. She exhibits a passionate faith in the power of the imagination to infuse and inform life with meaning. In her poem, "To Imagination,"[13] she rhapsodises about the fulfilling power of the inner life:

> But thou art ever there to bring
> The hovering visions back and breathe
> New glories o'er the blighted spring
> And call a lovelier life from death,
> And whisper with a voice divine
> Of real worlds as bright as thine.

And in "No Coward Soul Is Mine"[14] she glorifies the constantly mutating spirit which inspires all forms of life with immortality:

> With wide-embracing love
> Thy spirit animates eternal years
> Pervades and broods above
> Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears

Furthermore, this transcendant Spirit is deeply immanent within the poet:

> O God within my breast
> Almighty ever-present Deity
> Life, that in me hast rest
> As I undying Life, have power in Thee.

Emily does not discuss the mechanics of her art. She is not concerned, as is Charlotte, with interpreting her "Deity's" message "eloquently" and "effectively." Her art is so much a part of her Deity, that she does not attract attention to the form which serves the spirit. The spirit shapes its own vessel and requires no assistance from the poet who merely is a medium for the "God within." Emily's art is almost totally unselfconscious.

Emily and Charlotte take the romantic intent, to internalise nature and externalise the imagination, a step further. The novels are, in differing ways, both concerned with the socialising of passion. The heroine in Jane Eyre strives to "release feeling rationally."[15] The attempt in both novels is not only to give form to what is formless but also to make it formal. It is not simply that feeling is released, but it is released rationally. Their use of poetic fiction, then, is a reflection of the thematic intent. Emily and Charlotte attempt to reconcile poetic truth with factual truth. They are concerned not simply with bringing internal reality into the external world, but in making a home for it there. Thus, not only does form become an image for theme in Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights, but the stylistic success of their poetic fiction, to some degree, determines the success of the thematic resolutions.

Charlotte Brontë's prose style is more conventionally romantic than Emily's. Structurally Jane Eyre reveals a traditionally romantic vision. Cynthia A. Linder in her book, Romantic Imagery in the Novels of Charlotte Brontë, remarks that:

> The autobiographical form that Charlotte Brontë has used, suggesting that it will present a subjective point of view, sets the novel in the romantic tradition of writing, as it is the essence of romantic philosophies that man only regards and singles out for special comment, those aspects of life which are of importance to himself, making use of nature as a visible manifestation of the inward state.[16]

Jane herself attracts attention to this subjectivity at the beginning of chapter ten where she mentions that she has selected the experiences she has chosen to relate for their interest value:

> Hitherto I have recorded in detail the events of my insignificant existence: to the first ten years of my life, I have given almost as many chapters. But this is not to be a regular autobiography: I am only bound to invoke memory where I know her responses will possess some degree of interest. (83)[17]

Jane's belief that her existence is "insignificant" is based upon a subjective viewpoint, as is her personal selection of what is of interest. However, that Charlotte presented Jane Eyre as an autobiography, however irregular a one it proves to be, suggests that she wanted to give the illusion if not the substance of objective factual truth to her novel.

The romantic theme and style of Jane Eyre narrow to the specific problem of making poetry prose and breaking, as Terry Eagleton in his book Myths of Power states, the "deadlock" between "reality and imagination."[18] The fusion of the two worlds is, in fact, successfully, if at times laboriously, effected. The prose itself functions as poetry without actually becoming poetry and thus losing the illusion of factual presentation so essential to the thematic concern of the novel. How this is accomplished requires a study of the prose itself which I will undertake later. At the risk of generalising now, it can be said that the power of Charlotte Brontë's prose style is produced by a highly subjective effect which yet fulfils, to some extent, the demands of objective reality. Her prose is like an impressionistic painting which appears abstract: that is, it seems to derive its meaning totally from the imagination of the artist, and yet from a distance acquires a representational reality. Jane becomes increasingly objective in her perception of the world as the novel progresses. In fact, language usage in the novel becomes a way for Jane to measure her progress in the journey towards a harmonious balance between objective reality, or factual truth, and poetic truth, or subjective reality. When Jane initially describes her abuses at the hands of John Reed her language is highly emotive, intensely subjective and poetical. John Reed is "like a slave-driver," "a murderer" (11). At Lowood, when Jane is allowed to defend herself, she resolves to be "most moderate: most correct" and she infuses into the description of her wrongs "far less gall and wormwood than ordinary" (71). After she has finished the story she feels that "thus restrained and simplified, it sounded more credible" (71-72). At times, during the early part of the novel, which deals with Jane's childhood, Jane juxtaposes the subjective, romantic view of the child with the objective, factual understanding of the adult narrator. When the ten-year-old Jane questions the reason for her suffering at Gateshead, Jane, the mature autobiographer, answers her, "now, at the distance of--I will not say how many years, I see it clearly" (15-16). Thus the narrator as artist draws us close to the abstract painting where we are aware mostly of impressions, and then gives us distance so that we perceive the factual truth.

At times Charlotte's prose style and plot structure manifest signs of strain under the tension of presenting passion "rationally released." Probably the stress results from the compromises that she makes between the two basically antagonistic perceptions of reality. Charlotte tries to satisfy simultaneously the demands of her romantic vision and of the real world. To the extent that she accomplishes her task, her achievement is astonishing. Emily makes no compromises. Her language is both less self-consciously poetic and more inherently poetic. Stylistically her novel achieves more objective distance through the narrative technique and structural design, and yet her characters consistently dramatise their subjective reality while dismissing the real world. As in Jane Eyre objective, factual reality consists of the social world of others which is governed by morals and laws "given by God and sanctioned by man" (321). The possible rewards that adherence to these laws promises are, to the hero and heroine of Wuthering Heights, no rewards at all: "I have nearly attained my heaven, and that of others is altogether unvalued and uncoveted by me!" (WH, 334). In the middle of each book there is a speech which proclaims the immutable rights and worth of the individual. In both cases, the speech is in response to a threat upon the individual's need to preserve his identity. Basically the absolute sanctity of the individual identity is a romantic belief. The completely different perception of each sister concerning how individual identity is protected and what constitutes the integrity of self, reflected in these two speeches by their main characters, illustrates the different thematic intents of the two novels:

> "Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or Satan could inflict would have parted us, _you_, of your own will, did it." (_WH_, 161)

and

> "_I_ care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God; sanctioned by man." (_JE_, 321)

The integrity of the individual, as it is presented in each book, is dependent upon fundamentally opposite premises. Emily's view of the primary right of the individual to remain unalterably himself means that he is free to transcend social law. It is important that neither "God or Satan" (161) nor man have any rights over the first right of the individual to remain an individual. In _Jane Eyre_ Jane's integrity insists upon her obedience to the law "given by God; sanctioned by man" (321). She asserts her individuality precisely by _not_ breaking the established moral and social code "at [her own] individual convenience" (321). The essential contrast presented in the novels, as structurally and thematically central to the books, underlies the novelists' opposing perceptions of the romantic values. In Emily's novel subjective truth cannot be united to the external world of social and moral laws, effective for others but not for the self seeking fulfilment in _Wuthering Heights_. Emily views the truth as she thus perceives it, objectively and dispassionately, through the narrators, Nelly Dean and Lockwood, the man of the world. Consequently the poetic truth of the main characters, Catherine and Heathcliff, and the factual truth of the narrators co-exist so completely that we are not aware of seams. Paradoxically, neither form of truth is sacrificed in the synthesis. Terry Eagleton comments that

> Charlotte's fiction sets out to reconcile thematically what I have crudely termed 'Romance' and 'realism' but sometimes displays severe structural disjunctions between the two; Wuthering Heights fastens thematically on a near-absolute antagonism between these modes but achieves, structurally and stylistically, an astonishing unity between them.[19]

A union between the two "modes" is effected in Wuthering Heights in the second half of the novel through the younger Cathy and Hareton. The effectiveness and plausibility of this union have been extensively debated. Do Catherine and Heathcliff, in fact, vicariously unite through Hareton and Catherine's daughter? Heathcliff's and Catherine's ghosts are seen wandering together on the moors. This fact suggests that their union is independent of Cathy and Hareton's. It could be argued, however, that the union that Catherine Earnshaw was trying to achieve by retaining the friendship of Heathcliff while remaining married to Edgar Linton is realised through the two children. Emily's image for unity is as organically whole as is the poetic fiction of Wuthering Heights. Again, Emily does not compromise either her characters or her prose. Cathy's child and Hareton do not compromise their characters, or as Heathcliff would say, "betray [their] own heart[s]" (WH, 161) to achieve the union of inner truth with external reality. The giving and receiving of education is as natural for them as are their rambles on the moors. The younger Cathy does not have to change her personality in order to conform to the social world of Thrushcross Grange. Hareton is as naturally attracted to Cathy's child as he is to Heathcliff. The contradiction between the two worlds does not present a problem for them by the end of the book. In fact, the word "contrary" is the object of a lesson between the two which Lockwood surprises them at.

> "Con-trary!" said a voice, as sweet as a silver bell--"That for the third time, you dunce! I'm not going to tell you, again--Recollect, or I pull your hair!"
>
> "Contrary, then," answered another, in deep but softened tones. "And now, kiss me, for minding so well." (307)

The union of "Romance" and "realism" is not achieved through the strains and contortions of the main characters. Catherine and Heathcliff are not, like Jane and Rochester, made whole through suffering and experience. For them, the frustration of their desires requires a moral and physical death. Emily presents the problem in dialectic terms. Only through the death of the two forms of reality, the exclusively romantic, and the entirely social, is the fusion of the two in the synthesis truly realised. Charlotte tries to retain both forms of perceiving truth, and her prose, like her main characters, exhibits signs of the wear and tear that such a union requires. Emily sacrifices poetry as purely poetry and conventional prose as conventional prose to create a poetic-prose form which is apparently neither and yet is organically both. And, just as the contrast between the two modes of perceiving reality presents no problems for the younger Cathy and Hareton, so the fusion of poetry and prose in Wuthering Heights appears effortlessly perfect. Again, a close study of the prose itself is necessary to demonstrate this quality of Emily's poetic fiction and will be undertaken later.

Emily wrestles with a deeper paradox than does Charlotte. Her vision extends beyond the perimeters of the individual psyche to incorporate a universal condition. In this sense her poetry can be considered as epic rather than merely lyric. It is lyric as well, but the concerns of her poetry are not only those of traditional lyric poetry, which stresses the desires and perceptions of the individual against those of the social order. Without compromising the integrity of the individual, Emily manages to present the individual's dilemma of self-actualisation in the world as a universal problem. The epic quality of Emily's vision is reflected in her prose style. A study of her language will reveal Emily's poetic simplicity and prosaic logic. The directness and starkness of her style contribute to the impression that Emily is constructing a mythology in Wuthering Heights which dramatises the central conflicts of man. The language, at times, has the sound and feel of parable. It communicates the sense that what is true of the characters of the Heights and the Grange, the hill and the valley, is true of all peoples. Wuthering Heights is definitely poetic according to Wordsworth's definition of poetry as a spontaneous outpouring of passion: it is certainly that "great mad poem in prose . . . a passion for passion's sake, absolute passion."[20] However, it is madness with method, it is the logical reconstruction of a romantic poetic myth in simple, prosaic terms.

Emily's and Charlotte's works have both at various times been compared to Shakespeare's tragic drama. Both Wuthering Heights and Jane Eyre seem to have the ghost of Lear wandering through their pages. The comparison is probably made because Lear as an allegorical figure is both like the orphan Jane who experiences her existence as "a wanderer on the face of the earth" (JE, 230) and the "waif" Catherine Earnshaw who had "lost [her] way on the moor" (WH, 23). More importantly, Lear, like Heathcliff, Rochester, Jane, and Catherine, represents the betrayed, foolishly naive hero lost in an antagonistic world. This similarity is based upon the kind of allegorical dimension shared by the Brontës and Shakespeare. Shakespeare, according to Coleridge, makes the internal external, and reveals truth through the powerful feelings he arouses in his audience.

> Shakespeare has the advantage over all other dramatists--that he has availed himself of his psychological genius to develop all the minutiae of the human heart: shewing us the thing that, to common observers, he seems solely intent upon, he makes visible what we should not otherwise have seen.[21]

Shakespeare's characters are incarnational characters, they dramatise human experience and existence. They possess a paradoxical nature; that is, they are simultaneously representative of abstractions and entirely individual. Hamlet both represents human self-doubt and complexity, and is simultaneously, uniquely Hamlet. Heathcliff is a type of the Byronic hero, rebelling against society: he represents the romantic reality of the gothic imagination and passions as they are expressed in elemental nature, and he is also uniquely Heathcliff. Rochester is another type of the romantic hero, a rebel against society who also represents uncontrolled passion and the gothic imagination, and he too is represented in nature. Yet he is so uniquely Rochester that we can perceive scarcely any similarity between himself and Heathcliff as characters. This similarity with a distinctive difference is characteristic of the union of opposites central to the concept of incarnational allegory. Traditional allegory promotes poetic truth. The purpose of allegory in the works of Spenser, Bunyan and Milton was primarily poetic, that is, it operated in a subjective, interior world of images, impressions and symbols that exposed a spiritual and psychological truth. Incarnational allegory also confronts the conditions of the prosaic world. Shakespeare was concerned with the social order of things, as well as the spiritual. His plays deal, in part, with the problem of communication between the subjective reality of his characters and the external world of others. His characters are not personified qualities so much as individuals whose personal experience has universal relevance. Wuthering Heights and Jane Eyre are at one level incarnational allegories. Emily's book is an impersonally presented myth representing the experience of all humanity. Charlotte's novel is the personal journey of one woman who is every woman. Jane Eyre's

> . . . supreme value . . . aside from its being a novel with something of the impact of a Shakespearean drama, lies in its psychological romanticism in its revelation of the Everywoman's innermost nature and ideal role in the world.[22]

There is no psychological "Everywoman" in Wuthering Heights. It is Emily herself, as author, who attempts to reunite the world through the allegorical resolution of her novel's central conflicts. Catherine Earnshaw attempts to achieve a similar end within the novel. Again, it would be fair to say that Wuthering Heights is also a "novel with something of the impact of Shakespearean drama." The calm at the end of the novel is similar to a dramatic denouement. Like a Fortinbras coming to re-establish order after the tempest produced by the passions of the central character's interaction with each other, Lockwood cannot imagine "unquiet slumbers" for those "sleepers" in the earth (WH, 338). Yet, the central tragedy surrounding the wasted lives of Catherine and Heathcliff remains untouched. They are dead, their lives were spent in inflicting and suffering enormous agony. In a sense, Charlotte wrote a romance where all is restored to the hero and heroine in compensation for their pain. There is no total loss in Jane Eyre. The good are rewarded and the bad are punished. Wuthering Heights escapes this didactic tone because the novel's unrelenting and constant confrontation with reality does not permit the oversimplification of human experience. Emily Brontë wrote a tragedy where lives are wasted and human passions and actions have irreversible consequences.

Incarnational allegory, as it is dramatically worked out in Emily and Charlotte's novels and Shakespeare's dramas, is important to the concept of poetic fiction. Incarnation relies upon a paradoxical view of truth. Poetic truth and factual truth, mutually exclusive, unite, and consequently expose a world vision more complete for all of its paradoxical nature, than either an entirely poetic or an entirely prosaic view would be. Thus, in the effort to present truth effectively, poetic fiction extends the ability of art to interpret the "oracles".

CHAPTER II

JANE EYRE: A LANGUAGE OF CONFLICT

Percy B. Shelley differentiated between the nature of a story and that of a poem in his essay "A Defense of Poetry":

> . . . a story [is] a catalogue of detached facts, which have no other bond of connection than time, place, circumstance, cause and effect; the other [poetry] is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable forms of human nature, as existing in the mind of the creator, which is itself the image of all other minds.[1]

Jane Eyre attempts to fulfill the conditions of both: to be, simultaneously, "a plain tale without pretensions"[2] and "a tale my imagination created, and narrated continuously; quickened with all of incident, life, fire, feeling that I desired and had not in my actual existence" (110). All novels are more or less shaped by the "mind of the creator" and are thus, by this definition, poetic. Yet Jane Eyre is unusual in that the "detached facts" of the story are so completely subject to the inner life of the narrator that the definition of objective reality becomes totally subjective. Jane is the creator of her own life, she is the poet constructing reality from the materials of her own imagination. The events, the "facts" of the story, are shown to be important only in relation to Jane's inner life, they have no meaning or significance of their own. These external influences "catalogued" in the novel have their source and ultimate meaning either in the mind of the author, Charlotte Brontë, or in the mind of the narrator, Jane. The story of the book is ostensibly told from the perspective of the mature Jane, and she claims that this is "not a regular autobiography" (83). She chooses what events from her past she will relate and what information ~~she will~~ withhold. In this sense, Jane creates her past, forming it into the allegory of the maturing self that it is. The truth in the novel about Jane must always be understood poetically; that is, the reader must approach the novel with the expectations with which he normally approaches a poem. Matthew Scargill summarizes how Charlotte Brontë uses prose forms to communicate poetic subject matter in his article "All Passion Spent":

> Charlotte Brontë had experienced an emotion which one would expect her to express through the medium of poetry. But she used the conventional elements of the novel, the medium she understood best. It seems logical to suppose that such a use, conscious or unconscious, of the elements of fiction would produce a new type of novel. And this is precisely the case with Jane Eyre. The conventions have become symbols: the fictional lover has become The Lover; the mad woman of the Gothic novel has been put to allegorical use. Jane Eyre contains the elements of fiction used as a poet employs language and imagery--to impose belief, even though it be by irrational means.[3]

At an allegorical level, the events of the novel dramatise what Charlotte tried to accomplish stylistically and thematically: a fusion of poetic passion and prosaic fact. The effort of the book is to embody the irrational in the rational, or as Terry Eagleton states in his book, Myths of Power, to release feeling rationally.[4] Much of the confusion and conflict of the book is the result of this effort to fuse opposites at all levels of the narrative: the thematic, the stylistic, and the structural.

But passion needed to be socialized as well as rationalized. Emily and Charlotte both wrote about the self unable to find a home in society. Emily renounces society and effects the union of opposites, the incarnation, on a universal, cosmic plane. Charlotte refuses to renounce either society or self in Jane Eyre and ends up with an uneasy union of the two. Uneasy because eventually the reader is left to believe that the fusion occurs at the expense of the world and the facts of existence as they really are, and the facts about the self, as it really is. However, Charlotte Brontë does push against the boundaries of poetry and prose and in the struggle creates an interesting artistic form. She extends the possibility of conventional fiction and broadens our understanding of poetry.

Jane wrestles with herself and the world, never renouncing either, and surfaces personally scathed, but victorious. She and Rochester are, by the conclusion of the novel, completely human. They emerge badly burned by their confrontation with a hostile world, but have transcended the tremendous contradiction of their existence. For both, their wounds become the means of entrance into new life, into new and greater possibilities. The riven chestnut tree, symbolizing Rochester, offers fuller life as a prop and refreshment for the new life surrounding it: "Plants will grow about your roots, whether you ask them or not, because they take delight in your bountiful shadow; and as they grow they will lean towards you and wind round you, because your strength offers them so safe a prop" (450). The possibilities of its existence are extended, and it becomes more than it was, more than itself. Similarly, poetic passion sears, cripples and maddens much of the language of Jane Eyre, yet it remains a novel, not without scars, but intact. In Scargill's words: "We must be willing to accept Jane Eyre as a profound, spiritual experience, expressed in the most adequate symbolism, a symbolism which, if divorced from its emotion, is as improbable as all poetic symbols . . . Let us now admit that in Jane Eyre fiction has become poetry, and let us enlarge our idea of fiction accordingly."[5] Jane, viewed from the allegorical perspective of Jane Eyre, can be shown to represent the figure of the interior life peering restlessly from the eyes of the disciplined, Victorian governess.

At the beginning of the book, Jane is the irrational passionate self who is without defenses or an adequate ability to perceive reality. It seems unlikely that she will find contentment or self-actualization in the real Victorian world, symbolized by the little society of Gateshead. She is restricted: "If you don't sit still you must be tied down" (12). She is repressed, misunderstood and ostracized. A servant at Gateshead declares "I wouldn't have her heart for anything" (13). She is considered bestial and savage: "an animal," like "a mad cat" (9-12). And she is, of course, a child, one who in the romantic poetic tradition is considered to be especially in touch and in tune with nature and the imagination. For the stereotypically hypocritical Victorian, like Brocklehurst, she will always be "a liar" (67). Much later, for the sincere man of God, St. John, she will appear at first docile and then rebellious. For both she is, or becomes, a "castaway," not a member of "the true flock" (67). In the external world of others, Jane is neither wanted, understood nor admired. In fact, she is rarely even noticed, and often chooses to remain hidden. The child Jane is treated as something to be endured, something strange and at times frightening. She represents everything that is inimical to the consciousness of those who surround her.

> If they did not love me, in fact, as little did I love them. They were not bound to regard with affection a thing that could not sympathize with one amongst them; a heterogeneous thing, opposed to them in temperament, in capacity, in propensities . . . (15-16)

Even to herself, at this point in her life, she appears more spirit than flesh, more inhuman than human. Locked in the red room Jane becomes terrified of her dead uncle, her only relative who had been truly a relative, who had felt more affinity for her, than for "his own" (234). The existence of an early sympathy between Jane and her uncle establishes them as kindred spirits. In fact, both of Jane's uncles assume a kind of fairy-godfather status and try to protect Jane from the hostility of the real world. They exist only on the periphery of her existence, yet insure her continued survival by leaving her material resources, such as food, shelter, education, and money. Yet while Jane is incarcerated in the red room it is the dead uncle that she is afraid of: he becomes a symbol of her unacknowledged, unwanted, misunderstood self. She is afraid of proof that she is really dead as well. She neither wants to be dead, nor to confront the dead. Jane is afraid of her uncle's ghost in this room where passion and the imagination are not restricted by the rules of factual existence. She is afraid to be locked into a place where anything is possible. Ultimately this place is the interior of her own mind. Jane is haunted by herself as she appears to herself. Crossing the room to try the door, she chances to peer in a locking glass that unveils for her the twilight world, the world between worlds, that she inhabits. Her essential self alienation, her detachment from herself, is exposed when she talks about herself in the third person.

> All looked colder and darker in that visionary hollow than in reality; and the strange little figure there gazing at me, with a white face and arms specking the gloom, and glittering eyes of fear moving where all else was still, had the effect of a real spirit: I thought it like [a] tiny phantom . . . (14)

Jane rejects the purely interior world of passion and imagination and chooses to live in the real, Victorian world. In Jane Eyre the pagan passions and the lawless imagination are bound by Christian piety, judgement, moral and social law. The rest of the novel is dedicated to Jane "gathering flesh" (147). She grows up into a rational, socially acceptable human being who has theoretically come to terms with the exterior world of facts, but whose "heart and mind [are] free" (412).

In his "A Defense of Poetry" Shelley defined poetry as "the expression of the imagination."[6] This definition, and Shelley's belief in the divine power of poetry, are particularly relevant to an understanding of Jane Eyre as poetic fiction. Jane herself, in an allegorical dimension of the novel, can be seen as the image of Shelley's poet acting as the Romantic poet does as a defender of the law and as a prophet: "For he [the poet] not only beholds intensely the present as it is and discovers those laws according to which present things ought to be ordered but he beholds the future in the present . . . ."[7] Shelley claims that the poet penetrates the facade of custom to participate in "the eternal, the infinite and the one;"[8] and by revealing this underlying indestructible order, he acts indirectly as legislator and prophet. Jane frequently dispenses with custom to act as legislator and prophet within the world of the novel. Notably, Jane dismisses convention on the occasion when she delivers her declaration of independence to Rochester: "I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh:--it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal,--as we are!" (256). Her belief in the supremacy of the individual's rights as opposed to society's is vindicated by the demands of romantic poetic passion. Form, like reason, divides because it "respects differences."[9] Throughout the book she interprets "the divine oracles" and synthesizes internal reality with external reality to expose truth and to establish harmony. For example, Jane's presence contributes to the peace of mind, in various ways, of those at Gateshead when Aunt Reed sends for her on her deathbed. Jane's influence, like Shelley's vision of the power of the poet, can inspire nobler impulses and a higher standard of conduct, in those that know and appreciate her. This is strikingly demonstrated through her influence upon Rochester.

However, Shelley claims that it is the poetic language itself which has the ability to infect the imagination of the reader with the particular sentiments that the poet wishes to foster. And the language of Jane Eyre does just that. If Jane acts as the poet-figure within the novel, she is not herself the poet, Charlotte is, and her prose has the ability to shape the perceptions, feelings and thoughts of the reader. Margot Peters and E. M. Forster discuss Charlotte's remarkably strong manipulation of the reader's imagination through her treatment of language.

> E. M. Forster has claimed that "the whole intricate question of method . . . resolves itself not into formulae but into the power of the writer to bounce the reader into accepting what he says." When readers exclaim about the passion, the power and the poetry of Charlotte Brontë's novels, they are responding in no small degree to being "bounced" by her practice of reversing the common orders of prose.[10]

In Jane Eyre, the prose mirrors the thematic purpose of the novel. In a poem, form exposes, enhances and mirrors its subject. Form and content are frequently indistinguishable. A stanza, a line, a word are chosen by the poet to serve the meaning of the poem. The aural aesthetic quality of the verse should further reveal the poem's content. A good poem can be seen as an incarnation, a union of form and subject, a synthesis of word, sound, meaning and image. Without the centrality of meaning in a poem, poetry simply becomes verse. We can think of a nursery rhyme as verse. Yet we can say that verse has become poetry when we understand how T. S. Eliot uses the nursery rhyme to extend the meaning of his poem in the final lines of "The Hollow Men." Somehow, poetry is rhyme with reason. Shelley maintains that poetic intent can transform prose into poetry, but poetic form is not poetry without this poetic vision. Jane Eyre is poetic fiction because every part, in some sense, serves the whole--sometimes at a variety of levels. And still, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Every image in the novel can be seen as an image for the novel, just as almost every line reflects the thematic concerns of the book. The structure, the form, the language and the content of Jane Eyre all work together to create an incarnated whole where form fuses with meaning, the spiritual with the social and material, prose with poetry. Leo Spitzer in his work, Linguistics and Literary History: Essays in Stylistics, states that

> The lifeblood of the poetic creation is everywhere the same, whether we tap the organism at 'language' or 'ideas', at 'plot' or at 'composition'.[11]

Jane Eyre has this poetic consistency.

Jane is symbolically to Rochester, and in a different way, later to St. John, what Shelley believed poetry is to society: she inspires existence with meaning. Rochester refers to her as "my sky-lark" and he claims that "all the melody on earth is concentrated in my Jane's tongue to my ear" (444). His reference to her as his "skylark" is reminiscent of Shelley's "To a Skylark," in particular the lines:

> All earth and air
> With thy voice is loud,
> As, when night is bare,
> From one lonely cloud
> The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.

Furthermore, Jane becomes this voice, this moonbeam in Rochester's life. Like Prospero's Ariel from The Tempest, she carries her master's messages and does his bidding. Rochester also calls her his "Mustard-Seed" (261) and says that her appearance is particularly to his taste, being "delicate and aerial" (261). Jane refers to Ariel when Rochester asks her for advice concerning the proper course of conduct he should follow: "but no gentle Ariel borrowed its breath as a medium of speech . . ." (220). These allusions to A Midsummer Night's Dream and The Tempest contribute to the reader's sense that the novel itself is, at times, a mirror into a twilight world, where magic, superstition, presentiment and dreams become fact. During her relationship with Rochester, Jane assumes briefly the characteristics of her childhood persona: she reverts to a spirit that exists in a "visionary world." For Rochester she is scarcely a person at all. It is significant that he not only calls Jane "elf," "fairy," "spirit," etcetera, but also refers to her on several occasions as "thing." Jane is as much a "what" as she is a "who" (438). She is not an independent entity, not yet the "free human being" with "a free independent will" that she believes herself to be until she actually does "exert" her will to leave Rochester (456). Until then, she unwittingly remains Rochester's possession and he, her "idol" (277). She is ready to forsake herself as an individual to become a part of Rochester: "I thought of the life that lay before me--your life, sir . . ." (283). It is then small wonder that the lovers acquire an air of insubstantiality for each other: "You, sir, are the most phantom-like of all: you are a mere dream" (281). Recognising how their relationship begins is important for an understanding of how it alters. Jane's gradual transformation from spirit into human being and Rochester's "re-humaniz[ing]" (441) from "Indian-rubber back to flesh" (133) is both a result of, and an image for, Charlotte's attempt to reconcile poetry with the novel form and somehow to lose none of the attributes of either.

At the opening of the novel Jane is like a passionate spirit in a world of hostile facts. She has no control over her world and the arbitrary way in which she is treated. Consequently, Jane does not understand why she is sometimes shown kindness by Bessy and the apothecary and at other times treated with considerable cruelty by the Reeds. One of the consequences of her maturation is the acquiring of this control and understanding. She eventually does find out why Mrs. Reed disliked her so intensely. However, at the beginning of the novel she knows very little and comprehends less. She is, in the words of Helen Burns, a "little untaught girl" (58). Helen herself is martyred by the world and its demands for facts and material order. She wears the "untidy badge" (68) and is considered slovenly for her inattention to the particulars of everyday life. Her name, Burns, suggests a martyr, ridiculed and ultimately burned for heresy. It also reflects her passionate spirit, filled with romantic fervour for a uniquely individual vision of reality: "I hold another creed; which no one ever taught me, and which I seldom mention; but in which I delight, and to which I cling" (59). Helen introduces Jane to the Victorian virtues of Christian piety, patience and self-sacrifice. She and Miss Temple help Jane to cope with the demands of the Miss Scatcherds, with the demands of a hard and restrictive world. She is educated to bear the realities of the world as it is, and the life she must lead within it, with patience and Christian stoicism. She is taught to control herself with discipline and reserve. Jane becomes "quite a lady" (93) by the time she leaves Lowood. However, because only half of her nature is naturally attracted to these virtues, Lowood ceases to satisfy her after both examples of reason and control, Helen and Miss Temple, are gone. She experiences a yearning within the passionate half of her nature, largely denied during her sojourn at school. She longs for a different kind of kindred from Miss Temple and Helen. Yet Jane has become so thoroughly disciplined by the time that she leaves school that she cannot allow herself to crave "liberty," only a "new servitude" (86). She is very concerned that her efforts to find a new position are "proper" and "respectable" (89). Once the correct social conditions are satisfied, then Jane longs for liberty, for communion with "other and more vivid kinds of goodness" (110). She finds Rochester and ceases to "pine after kindred" (147). Jane is again submerged in an experience of the unbridled imagination and passion similar to the earlier red room episode. For Rochester, initially, she has the same unearthly insubstantiality that she had previously possessed for herself during her self encounter in the red room. It is as though she has once again emerged from the haunted red room, the world of death, after her second sojourn at Gateshead. Rochester responds to Jane's first return to Thornfield with, "Good angels be my guard! She comes from the outer world--from the abode of people who are dead" (247). Rochester further confirms this view of his relationship with her when he tells Adèle that he will live with Jane on the moon (269). His constant attempts to array his "Quakerish governess" in the "attributes of a peeress" (283) indicate his desire to make Jane into a conventionally romantic heroine, an object for his undisciplined passion and fancy. Jane has ceased to be inhuman in her own eyes, and she is uneasy with Rochester's view of her because it does not deal with the reality of who she is. Furthermore, Rochester does not realize that his faulty perception of Jane would eventually disturb him as well. Jane as she appears to him "delicate and aerial" would not satisfy him. It is only when Jane actually does become more dream than substance, after she leaves him, that Rochester experiences the insubstantiality which is the by-product of his tendency to indulge in illusion. Ironically, Rochester comes to see her most clearly as she is when he is blind. His physical blindness symbolizes his previous spiritual blindness, and thus makes sense poetically. Later when he has understood that he has been blind morally and spiritually, he is allowed to regain some of his physical sight.

This sense of the spirit without the body, of the unfulfilled incarnation, creates a feeling of sadness in the central characters of Jane Eyre. It is a consciousness of death, of the failure of the world that Jane lives in to fulfill the potential for life, in life. The awareness of death is necessarily inherent in such a broken vision of reality. Jane experiences it first when she is with Helen Burns:

> I was silent: Helen had calmed me; but in the tranquillity she imparted there was an alloy of inexpressible sadness. I felt the impression of woe as she spoke, but I could not tell whence it came. (70)

It could arise from an intuitive awareness of the presence of death in Helen's doctrine that "waits only the separation of spirit from flesh" (70). This impression is confirmed by Helen's cough and shortness of breath following her little speech which foreshadows her death by consumption. Jane also senses the presence of hidden death in St. John's sermon when she first hears him preach: "When he had done, instead of feeling better, calmer, more enlightened by his discourse, I experienced an inexpressible sadness" (356). We are more intensely aware of a feeling of frustration here. Helen did not yearn for self-fulfilment in the world; St. John does, as does Jane. This is why he perceives an ambition in her similar to his own. In both cases, the sense of sadness comes from an awareness of impending death. St. John feels buried alive in the same way that Jane had felt before Rochester's arrival at Thornfield. Rochester also experiences this sensation of potential death in the presence of Jane when he sees her as less human than spirit.

> ". . . your upward gaze at me now is the very sublime of faith, truth, and devotion: it is too much as if some spirit were near me. Look wicked, Jane; as you know well how to look; coin one of your wild, shy, provoking smiles; tell me you hate me--tease me, vex me; do anything but move me: I would rather be incensed than saddened." (284)

The spirit, beautiful and dominant as it is and must be, without the body and the feelings associated with the body, is merely a ghost. Rochester does not know that in making Jane totally spiritual he is insuring their separation. They cannot live on the moon, and the moon, as the symbol for spirituality, for Christian and moral integrity is, by itself, cold.

> Awakening in the dead of night, I opened my eyes on [the moon's] disk--silver-white and crystal-clear. It was beautiful, but too solemn: I half rose, and stretched my arm to draw the curtain. (207)

By seeing Jane as his "moon," his "good angel" (319), his "fixed star" (219), Rochester finds, not pleasure, but pain. When Jane studies his face by moonlight, making her gaze and the moon's one, Rochester suffers.

> "Mr. Rochester, let me look at your face: turn to the moonlight."
> "Why?"

> "Because I want to read your countenance: turn!"
>
> "There: you will find it scarcely more legible than a crumpled, scratched page. Read on: only make haste, for I suffer."
>
> His face was very much agitated and very much flushed, and there were strong workings in the features, and strange gleams in the eyes.
>
> "Oh Jane, you torture me!" he exclaimed. "With that searching and yet faithful and generous look, you torture me!" (257-58)

When Jane represents an unearthly ideal she can only create unfulfilled longing in Rochester. This yearning would eventually lead to self mutilation and death: "My very soul demands you: it will be satisfied; or it will take deadly vengeance on its frame" (440). The "you" that Rochester demands must be flesh and blood, she needs to be "perceptible to the touch" (438). Jane sees clearly Rochester's rejection of the real in favour of the ideal and rejects him. Her ability to separate herself from Rochester indicates her rational and moral mastery over the passions and the imagination. The night following her refusal of Rochester's plea that she become his mistress Jane finds solace and communion with that part of herself which has assumed control. Her integrity as a person having a moral and social responsibility to herself is represented by the moon, a fixed light, and not the roving chaotic light that had terrified her as a child when she was locked in the red room.

> I was transported in thought to the scenes of childhood: I dreamt I lay in the red-room at Gateshead; that the night was dark, and my mind impressed with strange fears. The light that long ago had struck me into syncope, recalled in this vision, seemed glidingly to mount the wall, and trembling to pause in the centre of the obscured ceiling. I lifted up my head to look: the roof resolved to clouds, high and dim; the gleam was such as the moon imparts to vapours she is about to sever. I watched her come--watched with the strangest anticipation; as though some word of doom were to be written on her disk. She broke forth as never moon yet burst from cloud: a hand first penetrated the sable folds and waved them away; then, not a

> moon, but a white human form shone in the azure, inclining a glorious brow earthward. It gazed and gazed on me. It spoke, to my spirit: immeasurably distant was the tone, yet so near, it whispered in my heart--
> "My daughter, flee temptation!"
> "Mother, I will." (323-24)

Both these scenes, the red room and this room at Thornfield, represent the state of Jane's inner life. Jane chooses to adhere to reality, the reality of herself, who she is, and the reality of her social, moral and Christian obligation. She can understand and put into action what the purely passionate child could not. She can be inspired by what would have terrified her before. Jane is a creature of reality who refuses to be deluded into accepting fantasy as fact. She has "no wish to talk nonsense" (139).

Rochester is like the passionate child that Jane was. He is like the "little untaught girl": "'My principles were never trained, Jane: they may have grown a little awry for want of attention'" (265). And like the child Jane, he is admonished by a too spiritual woman-child who saddens as she inspires him. It might be Helen telling Jane not to place too much weight upon human affection and judgement in the following exchange between Jane and Rochester.

> "Is the wandering and sinful, but now rest-seeking and repentant man, justified in daring the world's opinion, in order to attach to him for ever, this gentle, gracious, genial stranger: thereby securing his own peace of mind and regeneration of life?"
> "Sir," I answered, "a Wanderer's repose or a Sinner's reformation should never depend on a fellow-creature. Men and women die; philosophers falter in wisdom, and Christians in goodness: if any one you know has suffered and erred, let him look higher than his equals for strength to amend, and solace to heal." (221)

Like Jane falling asleep with Helen on the night of her death, Rochester must wake to find her gone and "[can] nowhere find [her]" (445). He must endure literally what Jane imposes upon herself figuratively: "you shall, yourself, pluck out your right eye; yourself cut off your right hand" (301). Only after Rochester confronts himself and becomes one for whom "the conviction of the reality of all this seized him" (439) is he able to transcend the world and find a mode of communion, and communication through Nature and the Spirit. In the presence of the moon which he is able to perceive, still, only "by a vague, luminous haze" his spirit summons Jane; and Nature "[is] roused, and [does]--no miracle--but her best" (425). Both Jane and Rochester can exercise the Romantic poet's powers of making Nature the medium for the individual spirit. They can make the internal external, and the external internal: "It seemed in me --not in the external world" (426). Jane then leaves St. John to seek Rochester who is now truly her "kindred." For Rochester, Jane is "not [lying] dead in some ditch" (439), she is fully human:

> "You are altogether a human being, Jane? You are certain of that?"
> "I conscientiously believe so, Mr. Rochester." (442)

The moral, socially responsible, practical parts of Jane and Rochester allow them to live prosperously in the real world and complete them as human beings. Jane is a mystic. This she shares in part with Helen Burns and St. John, but for Jane, it is always a part, not the whole of her personality. Neither Helen nor St. John can be content in "this world" which for Jane is "pleasant" (80). Spirit, or word, without flesh is "too solemn" for her. Jane needed to confront reality and say with Rochester, "Ah, this is practical--this is real! . . . I should never dream that" (439). Shelley viewed the poet as a contributing member of society, a moral agent and legislator, involved in his generation, and able to exercise his reason and observe reality objectively. Yet this is only possible when inspiration is disciplined by form. The world of universals can then encounter and enter the material world and become reality. The imagination is expressed in word, and the imperceptible is made available to the senses. Through the filter of Jane's consciousness, facts acquire universal significance. She thus humanizes and personalizes reality. She also synthesizes and harmonizes her world through the action of her will and imagination.

However, it is precisely in the apprehension of the world that the book runs into trouble, because although Jane seems to resolve all of her conflicts and struggles, the language and imagery of the novel frequently suggest a more ambivalent or contradictory impression. The reader is not always sure that Jane has truly accepted the rules and laws that she forces herself to follow. She argues a trifle too vehemently in favour of their strict observance, as though trying to convince herself of their indisputable worth.

> Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation: they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigour: stringent are they; inviolate they shall be. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth? They have a worth --so I have always believed; and if I cannot believe it now, it is because I am insane--quite insane . . . . (321)

Is she insane? In her book *Charlotte Brontë: The Self Conceived*, Helen Moglen suggests that the tone of this passage betrays Jane's feelings at the moment when she is attempting to bury them.

> She [Jane] consciously rejects the perspective of romance, but her impassioned plea language belies the common sense of her plea.[12]

And later, after she has left Rochester and is fairly comfortably ensconced in the eminently respectable position of village schoolteacher, Jane staunchly defends to herself her decision to leave her lover: "Yes; I feel now that I was right when I adhered to principle and law, and scorned and crushed the insane promptings of a frenzied moment." But the next moment Jane is "surprised to find [herself] erelong weeping" (364). The other strong note of ambiguity is sounded at the conclusion of the novel. St. John represents the ideal of the moral hero: he exemplifies all of the social and Christian virtues that Jane reveres and, to some degree, shares. We know that she has rightly refused to "rush down the torrent of his will into the gulf of his existence, and there lose [her] own" (423), just as she rightly exerted her will to leave Rochester and discover an independent existence. We know that Jane could have conceived for St. John "a strange, torturing kind of love for him: because . . . there is often a certain heroic grandeur in his look . . ." (421). It would have been a love based upon her grudging, yet entrenched reverence for the values that he represents. Jane had felt that to please St. John she must disown "half [her] nature" (403). The book limelights St. John by eulogizing him in the last pages. Perhaps this emphasis suggests that Jane, if she had not disowned half her nature, had disowned part of it, in not pleasing him "to the finest central point and farthest outward circle of his expectations" (409), as she knows she was capable of doing. Jane experiences guilt and self-hatred when she leaves Rochester: "In the midst of my pain of heart, and frantic effort of principle, I abhorred myself" (326). Perhaps she also feels guilt, albeit largely unconsciously, because she has rejected St. John.

> The fact that the novel allows him [St. John] the last word reflects its uneasiness about the victory to which it brings Jane. Rivers at least, the final paragraphs seem to proclaim, has not temporised with the world and the spirit, whereas the novel has indeed negotiated such a compromise on behalf of its heroine.[13]

It is possible that Jane is partly aware that she has failed herself in not following, to eventual martyrdom, the half of her nature represented by St. John.

The haunting sense of ambiguity, the nagging feeling that the schism is not quite healed, is mirrored in the novel's prose. If we leave ideas, and tap the novel at language, we can see, firstly, how Charlotte manipulates language to infuse the reader's imagination with images pertinent to the novel's ideas, and then, how she confuses the reader in much the same way that she suggests confusion through her ambiguous resolution of the novel's central dilemma.

Margot Peters demonstrates in her book how Charlotte's unusual use of adverbs, adjectives, negatives, and syntactic inversion produces a sense of conflict within a sentence, phrase or paragraph. The position, number and kind of adverbs and adjectives used in the text govern the mood and perspective of the story and determine what kind of impression the reader receives from the text. In the following sentence, the adjective "unnoticed" is emphasised by its position within the sentence and by its repetition: "I did not wait to be ordered back to mine [her room]; but retreated unnoticed: as unnoticed I had left it" (209). The effect of the adjective's position and repetition subtly but firmly reinforces the view of Jane as a quiet, insignificant observer, of little consequence to anyone except Rochester and herself. Charlotte also inverts the normal flow of subject and verb, person and action to create an impression within the reader of being inside the consciousness of the narrator, Jane. The order and type of words and expressions used control the way in which we accept and process the information that is being offered. When our perspective follows the subjective view emerging from the interior of Jane's mind, then we are accepting this information poetically. Charlotte Brontë manipulates our approach to the facts she presents in the novel through the language she uses, and she uses language like a poet. As Margot Peters points out, "despite all theorizing about what _should_ be the ideal form of prose expression, in fact, inversion is a characteristic of poetry rather than prose."[14] The tone of the novel remains subjective, and personal, even when it is apparently concerned with objective and impersonal facts. Peters further argues that Charlotte's heavy use of negatives creates a feeling of conflict and tension. The language controls the emotions and opinions of the reader which are almost always those of Jane. Like a lyric poem, the novel approaches the world from the perspective of one individual consciousness. The book's setting is Jane's feelings, thoughts and internal conflicts.

> I looked at my love: that feeling which was my master's--which he had created; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle; sickness and anguish had seized it: it could not seek Mr. Rochester's arms--it could not derive warmth from his breast. Oh, never more could it turn to him; for faith was blighted--confidence destroyed! Mr. Rochester was not to me what he had been; for he was not what I had thought him. I would not ascribe vice to him; I would not say he had betrayed me: but the attribute of stainless truth was gone from his idea; and from his presence I must go: _that_ I perceived well. When--how--whither, I could not yet discern: but he himself, I doubted not, would hurry me from Thornfield. Real affection, it seemed, he could not have for me; it had been only fitful passion: that was balked; he would want me no more. I should fear even to cross his path now: my view must be hateful to him. Oh, how blind had been my eyes! How weak my conduct! (298-99)

There are twelve negatives in this passage, about eight incidences of sentence or phrase inversion, and while there are only four sentences in the passage, not including the two final exclamatory ones, the general effect, produced by the heavy punctuation, is of a rapidly moving, choppy pace. Margot Peters comments that Charlotte Brontë "uses more punctuation . . . than do Austen, Emily Brontë, Thackeray, Eliot or Dickens . . . ."[15] The profusion of punctuation within a sentence in the above quoted passage (299) evokes a feeling of unease or dis-ease, of the meaning behind the words being at odds with the ordering principle controlling them. The verbs, adverbs and adjectives in the passage further the impression of conflict, disharmony and dis-ease: "shivered," "suffering," "sickness," "seized," "seek," "blighted," "destroyed," "betrayed," "gone," "doubted," "seemed," "fitful," "hurry," "balked," "want," "fear," "cross," "must," "hateful," "blind," "weak." The adverbs, verbs, and adjectives carry the rapid, restless emotional movement of the passage, and are liberally interspersed with negatives. Charlotte's choice of words, her use of negatives and the jerky effect of the punctuation within a sentence impress the reader with a sense of enormous frustration. This is because what is being expressed is in conflict with how it is being expressed.

> Finally, the close series of independent clauses, heavily punctuated, imposed upon Brontë's style a feeling of restraint. . . . While the adverb lends an emotive quality to Brontë's prose, this quality is countered--checked, bridled, and disciplined--by barriers of semicolons, colons, and periods. Sentence structure enforces a stringency that the adverb frequently denies, and tension is generated from these conflicting parts.[16]

The union that was on the eve of its consummation has been balked. The words are balked within the sentences by colons, semi-colons, commas and dashes. The frequent employment of a negative directly before or just after a verb, such as "not seek," "not derive," "not ascribe," "not yet discern," "not say," "not have," "doubted not," affects the reader with a feeling of a strong brake being administered. The heavy punctuation also imparts this feeling, not only of frustration, but of tremendous restraint, as though powerful forces are being rigidly checked. Rochester's observation concerning Jane's personality that "reason sits firm and holds the reins" (203) is appropriate to this passage; we can almost see Jane gripping the reins. However, she is not sitting very firmly, she seems to be fighting to avoid the "wild chasms" (203) of a dissolute life with Rochester.

Before and after Jane manages to tame the "true heathens" (203) (the passions are not naturally Christian), there are passages like this where we feel that Jane is, if not actually losing control, struggling very hard to retain it. We are aware of the power of the passions and the imagination and we realize the strength of the despotism necessary for their strict government. St. John represents the unyielding tyranny, but more importantly, it is also within Jane. Possibly the critical moment of self encounter in Jane Eyre occurs on the day she discovers Rochester's duplicity. She is made completely conscious of what it means to be committed to a true, unromantic awareness of reality. Yet she is also aware of the denial of humanity inherent in the unyielding adherence to moral and Christian virtue at all costs. She has felt a strong, intuitive recognition of the underlying tragedy or denial of life in the life disciplined totally by principle. Jane has this feeling in the presence of Helen Burns and St. John, and Rochester experiences it with Jane. Sometimes the pain escalates to the point where it is felt as torture, as when Rochester feels tortured by Jane, or Jane by St. John.

However, when Jane fully realizes that she must leave Rochester, she begins to understand the conditions of her commitment to two contradictory worlds. The qualities that she had fostered in herself to become "quite a lady" (93) assert their supremacy over the half of Jane that is completely passionate. Jane experiences self torture.

> But, then, a voice within me averred that I could do it; and foretold that I should do it. I wrestled with my own resolution: I wanted to be weak that I might avoid the awful passage of further suffering I saw laid out for me; and conscience, turned tyrant, held passion by the throat, told her, tauntingly, she had yet but dipped her dainty foot in the slough, and swore that with that arm of iron, he would thrust her down to unsounded depths of agony.
>
> "Let me be torn away, then!" I cried. "Let another help me!"
>
> "No; you shall tear yourself away; none shall help you: you shall, yourself, pluck out your right eye; yourself cut off your right hand: your heart shall be the victim; and you, the priest, to transfix it."
>
> I rose up suddenly, terror-struck at the solitude which so ruthless a judge haunted,--at the silence which so awful a voice filled. (301)

Jane is perilously close to experiencing the "hell of [her] own meanness" (375), a place devoid of life and passion. This is, in fact, what happens. She moves from "heaven" (277), union with Mr. Rochester, towards the possible "hell" of union with St. John in India where she would be "grilled alive" (420). Marriage with St. John, and the associated act of becoming one flesh with him, would have been the complete surrender of the passionate and imaginative spirit to form, and the consequent death of that spirit. Jane is, initially, staunchly unwilling to allow such a "martyrdom" (410). However, under the influence of St. John, she feels, probably more fully than at any other point in the novel, awe for the ideals that he represents. She almost capitulates. Jane is saved only by the intervention of Nature and/or Grace (it is implied that God works through the natural to effect the supernatural) and her relationship with Rochester, and thus to herself, is re-established. Jane's near descent into hell, and her narrow escape from it, are implied in the passage (quoted below, 325-26) as she frantically departs from Thornfield. We receive the same sense of two worlds colliding. After Jane has actually left Rochester she experiences a fresh self encounter. She feels that she has betrayed herself and Rochester precisely in that moment when she was trying hardest to be true to herself. Before Jane had actually acted upon her decision to leave Thornfield she had felt herself to be hateful in Mr. Rochester's eyes. After she actually leaves him she is hateful in her own. She is "goaded" by the "fear" of Rochester's "self abandonment" (325). Jane is afraid to let him live without her influence. She is frightened by the prospect of passion and imagination without the restraining, fulfilling action of form. This fear she eventually leaves in God's hands. The union of imagination and form is seen as an act of divine grace in Jane Eyre.

The passage quoted earlier (299) evokes feelings of frustrated passion and imaginative energy ruthlessly harnessed by social and moral values. The following passage begins by exciting a similar feeling in the reader, but moves towards a different feeling. It does not end with "fear" and "weakness." Jane is indeed "fearful" and "weak," but the word "hope" follows these adverbs.

> Oh, that fear of his of his self-abandonment . . . how it goaded me! It was a barbed arrow-head in my breast: it tore me when I tried to extract it: it sickened me when Remembrance thrust it further in. Birds began singing in brake and copse: birds were faithful to their mates; birds were emblems of love. What was I? In the midst of my pain of heart, and frantic

> effort of principle, I abhorred myself. I had no solace from self-approbation: none even from self-respect. I had injured --wounded--left my master. I was hateful in my own eyes. Still I could not turn, nor retrace one step. God must have led me on. As to my own will or conscience, impassioned grief had trampled one and stifled the other. I was weeping wildly as I walked along my solitary way: fast, fast I went like one delirious. A weakness, beginning inwardly, extending to the limbs, seized me, and I fell: I lay on the ground some minutes, pressing my face to the wet turf. I had some fear--or hope--that here I should die: but I was soon up; crawling forwards on my hands and knees, and then again raised to my feet--as eager and determined as ever to reach the road. (325-26)

The "cord of communion" has been snapped and the "bleeding internally" begun (254). The prose impresses us simultaneously with a sense of fragmentation and continuity. Jane walks "fast, fast" then "falls," then is up and "crawling." There is a sense of being, of Life, coerced into a vice-like strangle-hold of mutilating repression in the words "goaded," "torn," "wounded," "injured," "frantic effort," "stifled," "trampled," "weakness," "seized," "solitary," "fear," "pressing." However, because we know that the verbs and adverbs carry the poetic and emotional meaning, and therefore the greatest import in the novel, we know that although Jane is crushed, she is "eager" and "determined": we know that she does "stand up" finally, and "reach the road." This is the final truth about Jane. After each temporary defeat, after each little death, the epitaph "Resurgam" (83) is as appropriate for Jane as it was for Helen Burns. The germ of poetic truth is contained in the factual lines of plot. Jane does fall, but the following verbs are "crawling" and "raised." It is possible to take the verbs, adverbs and adjectives out of context and from them reconstruct a microcosm of the novel, because these words focus the poetic meaning in the prose. In Jane Eyre the movement words, verbs, carry the important action of the plot. The words that describe movement, adverbs, are more important still, because they communicate the state of mind and heart of Jane where the action originates or is being perceived. In Jane Eyre verbs are less important than adverbs, nouns less important than adjectives. What is happening is less important than how it is happening and what is seen is less important than how it is being seen. The 'how' points straight back to Jane, the narrator, creator and author of her own life. In the passage quoted above (325-26) the emotions and thoughts of the narrator decide the conclusion of the events. The germ of poetic truth is contained in the factual lines of plot. "What happened" answers the question "what will happen." What Jane does directly reveals what she is. Poetry has the power to predict the future without intentionally intending to do so. In Shelley's "A Defense of Poetry" Poets are,

> . . . the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration, the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present, the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire: the influence which is moved not, but moves.[17]

The language of poetry always reveals more than it appears to.

Charlotte's use of syntactic inversion also leads the reader into a symbolic understanding of the information that is presented. For example in the sentence, "Still I could not turn; nor retrace one step," the stresses of the sentences fall upon "still" and "nor" emphasising Jane's resolution to continue on; and exposes the divided will which initiates the resolution. If the sentence had been constructed in a more conventional manner reading something like, "I still could not turn or retrace one step," we would not be left with as strong an impression of resolution and irresolution co-existing within Jane. Consider, as well, how Charlotte's manipulation of syntax and punctuation highlight the symbolic nature of Jane's action in the following couple of sentences.

> A mile off, beyond the fields, lay a road which stretched in the contrary direction to Millcote; a road I had never travelled, but often noticed, and wondered where it led: thither I bent my steps. No reflection was to be allowed now: not one glance was to be cast back: not even one forward. (325)

The object of the first sentence, "the road," is stressed by its placement in the sentence before the subject, "I": "the road" has symbolic value as Jane's destiny which she, the "I," follows. The placement of negatives at the beginning of each phrase: "No reflection," "not one glance," "not even," rivets our attention upon Jane's blind obedience to the demands of her destiny, the "road." The verb "bent" also has metaphoric significance as it conjures an image of personal will bending to a greater will, in this case, Jane's surrender to the dictates of her Fate. As well, Charlotte's use of "bent" is reminiscent of Rochester's conscious choice of the word to describe his determination to love: "not my resolution (that word is weak) but my resistless bent to love faithfully and well . . ." (320). Charlotte's choice of the adverb "contrary" instead of the word "opposite," which would have been a more conventional word to use in the context, attracts the attention of the reader. The road that Jane has taken is not simply in the other direction to where she has been, but it is contrary to it, it is opposed to it. "Opposite" has denotative significance compared to "contrary" which suggests human experience or feeling in connection with the verb that the adverb is modifying. The connotative, poetic word is also prophetic. Jane's experiences with St. John will be completely at variance with her existence with Rochester. The impressions that the reader is left with, produced by the choice of words and their placement, both hint at Jane's state of mind and her future experience.

Prose begins and ends in poetry. The most poetic passages in the book lead to a major revelation of factual truth. In the scene with the "gypsy," the dream-like world of poetry is perfectly expressed in the language which flows between Jane and Rochester. Sitting together beside the fire, Rochester describes Jane's personality and destiny. Jane's character and fortune are seen to be one and the same. Both Rochester and Jane find themselves existing in a kind of delirium: "Where was I? Did I wake or sleep? Had I been dreaming? Did I dream still?" (204). Rochester's speech, his lapse into poetry, exposes his character at the same time that it delineates Jane's. His language builds an emotional momentum that almost propels him into declaring the truth concerning his feelings, intentions and identity. (The obviously aural elements of the language, the alliteration and repetitive sounds and words have been underlined to attract attention to their increased use towards the end of the speech. Also, the language becomes more figurative.)

> "Well said, forehead; your declaration shall be respected. I have formed my plans--right plans I deem them--and in them I have attended to the claims of conscience, the counsels of reason. I know how soon youth would fade and bloom perish, if, in the cup of bliss offered, but one dreg of shame, or one flavour of remorse were detected; and I do not want sacrifice, sorrow, dissolution--such is not my taste. I wish to foster, not to blight--to earn gratitude, not to wring tears of blood--no, nor of brine: my harvest must be in smiles, in endearments, in sweet--that will do. I think I rave in a kind of exquisite delirium. I should wish now to protract this moment *ad infinitum*; but I dare not." (203-4)

Jane realizes, as the "gypsy's" conversation becomes increasingly poetic, that she is Rochester. The speech ends with a revelation of true identity. When St. John briefly (for fifteen minutes, to be exact) surrenders to passion, dream and delirium, his language becomes increasingly sensual and figurative. However, his speech, after yielding to the power of poetry, ends by stating fact.

> "Fancy me yielding and melting, as I am doing: human love rising like a freshly opened fountain in my mind, and overflowing with sweet inundation, all the field I have so carefully, and with such labour, prepared--so assiduously sown with the seeds of good intentions, of self-denying plans. And now it is deluged with a nectarous flood--the young germs swamped--delicious poison cankering them . . . . (377)

St. John continues in his poetic language, although his imagery radically alters, until he finally concludes his self-revelation to Jane, with the simple assertion of who he is: "Know me to be what I am--a cold, hard man" (379). Poetry leads to reality--meets reality, and yields to prose. It exposes literal, prosaic fact. The poetry exposes truth, it leads to a conclusion about reality, and then having ripped the veil away, lets it stand, naked, for a moment. St. John, as "fixed as a rock, firm set in the depths of a restless sea," points to the conclusion that he is a "cold, hard man." Rochester would continue the dream, the delirium "ad infinitum," but external reality intervenes and the poetic language ends with the statement, "I dare not." In both cases poetry has penetrated disguise and revealed the man "simply" in "[his] original state, stripped . . ." (379). Fact is revealed through poetry, just as poetic truth is, in Shelley's terms, a "germ," contained within fact.[18] Poetic language leads to and exposes a literal truth and the fact that is presented in the story must, in turn, always be understood symbolically.

The pivotal word for a poetic understanding of *Jane Eyre* is impression. The extensive use of imagery, simile, symbol and personification in the novel conjures picture after picture within the imagination of the reader: "Impression follows impression" (203) through the book. We are more or less aware of the effect of Charlotte's figurative language, just as Charlotte is conscious of it. At times, Jane informs the reader that her language is metaphorical and is to be understood as such, as, for example, in her preface to the description of the ruined Thornfield Hall: "Hear an illustration, reader" (429). At other times Jane expresses her feelings metaphorically without directly calling our attention to the fact, although it is indirectly understood that we will understand her to be speaking figuratively.

> Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent, expectant woman--almost a bride--was a cold, solitary girl again: her life was pale, her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at mid-summer: a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hay-field and corn-field lay a frozen shroud: lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow; and the woods, which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway. (298)

Charlotte, like Emily, frequently describes a state of mind, a mood, a feeling, in natural terms and paints a landscape of the heart and mind. Unlike Emily, Charlotte employs an enormous amount of personification. Frequently she personifies parts of a character's personality or personifies feelings within the character. This tendency enhances the reader's impression that a character is torn by internal conflict and ravaged by a series of inner voices struggling for supremacy.

> But, then, a voice within me averred that I could to it; and foretold that I should do it. I wrestled with my own resolution: I wanted to be weak that I might avoid the awful passage of further suffering I saw laid out for me; and conscience, turned tyrant, held passion by the throat, told her, tauntingly, she had yet but dipped her dainty foot in the slough, and swore that with that arm of iron, he would thrust her down to unsounded depths of agony. (301)

Charlotte has dramatised Jane's feelings. She presents a troupe of characters within the one character enacting the play of Jane's personality. Charlotte also personifies abstractions. In the following passage Rochester seems to acquire the attributes of Bunyan's Christian from Pilgrim's Progress:

> "Go," said Hope, "and live again in Europe: there it is not known what a sullied name you bear, nor what a filthy burden is bound to you. You may take the maniac with you to England; confine her with due attendance and precautions at Thornfield: then travel yourself to what clime you will, and form what new tie you like." (313)

The allusion to Pilgrim's Progress is all the more powerful when it is discovered that Hope's counsels are false. Rochester is not journeying to Celestial City, although he believes he is. Rather, he is, indeed, "paving hell with energy" (138). The irony serves the purpose of revealing the essential self-delusion that is a major character trait of Rochester's. The figurative language keeps the reader constantly aware of the central concerns of the book, the allegorical journey of wandering pilgrims on the road to self-understanding and self-fulfilment. This language enables the reader not simply to learn about Jane, Rochester and St. John, but also allows the reader to experience them first hand, to feel, see, and hear what they are like. We are not given information, we are given experience. Charlotte is aware that she wrote figuratively and the reader cannot help being aware of the abundance of metaphor and personfiication that characterises her language. However, what we may not be so aware of (as Charlotte herself may not be aware of) is how impressions emerge continually through her syntax. The small lines of plot mirror the destiny and character of Jane as much as the broad strokes. Gateshead, Lowood, Thornfield, Moor House and Ferndean, the inheritance of independence, of education and marriage symbolically signify Jane coming into her own, Jane becoming Jane. But the tiniest scene in Jane Eyre symbolizes the same theme; so that Jane felling Rochester's horse, Jane meeting Rochester in the twilight, with her veil down "com[ing] from the abode of people who are dead" (247), Jane simply entering or leaving a room, or walking between Thornfield and the road, tells the story of Jane Eyre: not concretely through image, but suggestively, through impression. We find that our understanding of the book relies as heavily upon our intuition as upon our imagination. And like most true intuitive experience, intuition is based on fact, fact that is not immediately perceivable as fact. In the world of Jane Eyre the reader must agree with Jane that

> Presentiments are strange things! and so are sympathies; and so are signs: and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key. (222)

The "presentiments," "signs" and "sympathies," the symbols and impressions of the novel, reveal truth, the inner truth of the characters' lives, and the external, prophetic truth concerning their individual fates. It is the awareness of impression, building upon impression that reveals fact. Ironically, impressions are not as readily discernible as symbols, yet they linger in the mind of the reader in a way that colours his reading of the book. The concrete symbolism of Jane Eyre is more accessible to our observation and analysis than its impressionistic nature. Perhaps initially, the reader is not aware that almost every description of character and landscape is an objective correlative for Jane's state of mind and heart. In some cases, the symbolism is easily noticed. The frozen, sterile landscape mirrors Jane's sentient, waiting life before she first encounters Rochester on the road to Hay. However, sooner or later the reader usually finds himself knowing that Georgiana and Eliza are important only as symbolic extensions of Jane's character, and that the hot, humid climate that surrounds Rochester when he discovers his mistress' infidelity reflects his dissipated lifestyle. Critics have noted the implausibility of the book's plot line, notably Jane collapsing upon the doorstep of her unknown relatives. Some critics have perceived the poetic intent of the plot as it closely informs the theme. However, the symbolic texture of Jane Eyre is so closely woven that few critics, and most readers, are not aware of how Charlotte Brontë makes the prose of her novel an objective correlative for the poetic consciousness of her heroine. The novel's language is largely responsible for the impressionistic nature of Jane Eyre. The extensive symbolism that approaches us from every corner of the novel, coming in particles, rather than parts, leaves its imprint upon the unconscious as a series of impressions. Unconscious speaks to unconscious. We respond unconsciously to what Jane tells us unconsciously.

The final impression communicated by the finished whole is not of a completed incarnation. Ostensibly, Charlotte's last image of the novel is Jane and Rochester's child. Probably, a more appropriate image is the crippled Rochester himself, "a ruin, but an entire ruin" (279). Jane has apparently made her peace with St. John, with the values of the Victorian world, and remained herself. And yet, we still feel the awareness of ambiguity because St. John's victorious, dying presence dominates the last paragraphs of the book. The reader still meets, in the last pages, the divided will, the fragmented self. When the child Jane reflects, after Helen's speech on the "separation of spirit and flesh," that "I felt the impression of woe as she spoke, but I could not tell whence it came . . ." (70), we can ultimately only conjecture about Jane's feeling. Probably, it is fair to surmise that it comes from a sense of Helen's impending death, and from an awareness of the primacy of death in Helen's doctrine. Finally, however, an impression is a mystery. We can say what the result is but we cannot pin down the source.

The child image is another example of the mysterious core at the centre of the novel's poetic texture. Jane's recurring dreams about a little child have several concrete references within the story. Fairly early on we can assume that the little child is a symbol of her love for Rochester, and the romantic child, an orphan lost in the real world. However, like a true "changeling" the child continually changes form and defies definite identification. The little child pervades the book, firstly as Jane herself, "the sickly, whining, pining thing" (234), the orphan from another world. The little girl, Adèle, briefly becomes the child figure, and her childhood poignantly stirs Jane the night before her wedding day.

> With little Adèle in my arms, I watched the slumber of childhood --so tranquil, so passionless, so innocent--and waited for the coming day: all my life was awake and astir in my frame; and as soon as the sun rose, I rose too. I remember Adèle clung to me as I left her: I remember I kissed her as I loosened her little hands from my neck; and I cried over her with strange emotion, and quitted her because I feared my sobs would break her still sound repose. She seemed the emblem of my past life; and he, I was now to array myself to meet, the dread, but adored type of my unknown future day. (289)

We can almost see the sleeping children at Lowood, Jane and Helen, lying with their arms around each other's necks; and the child-woman, Helen, leaving Jane before dawn "to meet, the dread, but adored, type of [her] unknown future day." Jane leaves the child, Adèle, and symbolically leaves her own childhood forever. Later, after leaving Thornfield, Jane again becomes, briefly, the romantic child of nature, this time more completely and desperately than before Lowood. She is once more outcast, mistrusted, and exiled in a world that will not allow her to be herself. Education and Christianity once more save her and restore her independence in the forms of the village schoolhouse and St. John. The child as a recurring image in Jane Eyre impresses the reader with a sense of death as well as birth, with loss and despair as well as hope and renewal. Jane and Rochester's firstborn cannot quite dispel this flavour from our image of the child symbol, and contributes to our sense of ambiguity at the end of the novel. There is a strong relationship established between reason, feeling and the imagination. Internal and external reality do meet; dreams become facts, presentiment and sentiment prophesy future events, poetic and factual truth are shown to be mutually reflective. However, we know that some feeling, finally, is not rationally released in Jane Eyre. Ultimately, no single interpretation of any image is possible because of the variety of impressions that become associated with that image, symbol or metaphor.

St. John, through Jane, invites death in the last lines of the book: "Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus!" (458). The book ends on a note that reminds the reader of Helen Burns' joy in martyrdom. This sense of a glory in death follows Jane's expression of her marital bliss, and the announcement of her first born. Birth is very closely followed by a reminder of death. Jane's union with Rochester is closely followed by an account of St. John's heroic mission and Jane's reaction to it. We sense that the two worlds have not met, but continue to follow separate existences. Only in Jane do the two worlds meet, and if we trust our impressions, there is evidence that she herself is not yet wholeheartedly a resident of either world. She remains "full of strange contrasts" (318).

CHAPTER III

WUTHERING HEIGHTS: A LANGUAGE OF UNITY

Like her sister Charlotte, Emily Brontë wrote a book concerned with concepts and problems which one would normally expect to find expressed in poetry. The interior life of the self is usually expressed poetically because its experience strains against the demand for factual truth associated with prose. Actually, the central concerns of Wuthering Heights are found in Emily's poetry. Why then did she write a novel to communicate those ideas, beliefs, and emotions that had already been effectively expressed in her poetry? Emily was able to invest the inner life of the self with an authenticity and power unequalled in fiction. She does this, not in spite of the prose form of her book, but because of it.

Emily, again like Charlotte, confronts the almost unsolvable problem of the self attempting to find a home in a world essentially hostile to that self. As in Jane Eyre, the world's misunderstanding and rejection of this self makes it alternately mad or ghostly. However, instead of having the frustration of not being allowed to be expressed in a language of conflict, Emily uses the tension between opposites creatively in a language of paradox, symbol and allegory. In the process she unifies the little world that the novel presents.

Wuthering Heights explores the nature of Nature and human nature. Personality is described in terms of the natural world: Edgar is the "foliage in the woods," (81) souls are "lightning," "frost" or "fire" (80), according to their nature. The book confronts the fact that conflict is inherent in humanity's dual urge to live successfully with the impersonal forces of Nature, Fate and the universe, and also, to live harmoniously with themselves and each other. Frequently there is a confrontation between what is known, or understood, and what is unknown or misunderstood, in both these worlds. And, as V. S. Pritchett points out, "There is also a recurrent and disturbing suggestion that the depths of man's nature are in some way alien to him . . . Man is both at home and not at home in nature."[1] The fusing of the alien and the familiar, the impersonal and the personal, controls the central action within the self and outside of the self. The decisive events in the book are instigated by Catherine and Heathcliff. E. M. Forster, in his short essay "Prophecy," claims that the whole thematic thrust of the novel is governed by the whims, emotions, decisions and problems of these two characters. The cosmos of Wuthering Heights is shattered by their estrangement and separation: it is fused by their reunion. The novel "has no mythology beyond what these two characters provide."[2]

Truth in Wuthering Heights is discovered in paradox. Terry Eagleton suggests that the crucial difference between Charlotte's fiction and Emily's resides in Emily's ability to view reality paradoxically.

> The difference lies in the paradoxical truth that Wuthering Heights achieves its coherence of vision from an exhausting confrontation of contending forces, whereas Charlotte's kind of totality depends upon a pragmatic integration of them.[3]

In Wuthering Heights the self expresses itself in a series of oxymoronic constructions. The juxtaposition of contrary concepts or things, suspended in the imagination as one, represents a sort of marriage of heaven and hell, which is sometimes seen as the essence of poetry.

W. B. Yeats believed that "poetry is the result of a quarrel with ourselves . . . ."[4] In A Vision, Yeats outlines how conflict between opposing forces elevates the artistic consciousness. Conflict is also, traditionally, necessary for drama. In Wuthering Heights this is particularly true. The imagery and language of the book rely heavily on contrasting and conflicting views of the elements of reality, the parts warring within and with the whole. The content of a piece of dialogue is often at war with the tone that the speech is delivered in. As Rosalind Miles says, "Many of Emily Brontë's images are built upon the ancient principle of contrasts: not, in her case, the gradations of tone or subtle shades of meaning, but that of stark opposition."[5] Poetry can excite the emotions into accepting the irrational as though it were rational, or make nonsense appear more sensible than sense. An important aspect of the novel's poetic nature is that it communicates its essential facts, its most intense emotions, through impression and implication. What is not said is eventually more important than what is. "Unlike the fuller and more explanatory plots of Victorian novels," writes Rosalind Miles in her essay, "A Baby God," "the action of Wuthering Heights depends on the unspoken."[6] The paradoxical, impressionistic effect of the novel is largely due to the narrative style. Two observers, two spies, a servant and a tenant of Thrushcross Grange, tell the story. Ironically, keeping the events of the novel firmly in the perspective of a relatively detached third party, focuses the reader's attention upon the deeply personal, entirely subjective feelings of the main characters. According to Barbara Hardy, "Emily Brontë's narrative device of reticence and implication permits the feelings to appear before the observer, without moral or psychological analysis."[7] There is little explanatory dialogue or descriptive language in the book. Catherine does not explain why she has betrayed herself and Heathcliff when he accuses her of deception. Heathcliff does not try either to justify or to rationalize his own actions. In fact, rarely does Nelly, the most analytical of all of the characters, explain why she thinks, says, or behaves in the way that she does. The implication is that feelings and actions are more important. There is not enough time or space in the novel to devote to a close scrutiny of why what is exists or behaves as it does: it simply is. But perhaps for Emily such expostulation, justification and analysis are irrelevant. The characters and events of the novel generate their own power, the energy of being who and what they are, and this needs no apology or excuse. When the self does express itself it is less an explanation than an affirmation of that self. Even when Heathcliff offers an explanation for his strange behaviour near the end of the novel, it is less an effort to explain himself than to express himself and temporarily end his self-imposed isolation. The language of this kind of self-expression is poetic rather than factual. When Catherine attempts to reveal herself, she does not tell us about herself, she does not describe herself through facts which seek to inform. Rather, she shares herself through language that gives the reader, as Catherine says, "a feeling of how I feel" (79). If the reader expects facts then he will be disappointed. But truth is conveyed through the way in which the language affects us. With the lines,

> "I've dreamt in my life dreams that have stayed with me ever after, and changed my ideas; they've gone through and through me, like wine through water, and altered the colour of my mind" (79)

we are dreaming. The music of the language, the repetition of sounds and words, the ordered syntax changes too "the colour of [our] mind[s]." Yet if we accept the words only literally, only factually, we are left not understanding. This is one of the primary conflicts of the book. The conflict between opposites exists at a variety of levels in the story, but is most clearly expressed as a struggle for supremacy between opposing sensibilities.

The poetic expression of internal reality, the truths about the self, makes sense only when accepted poetically. When the self is expressed to a mind that cannot or will not accept this information poetically, that is, through the avenue of the imagination, poetry's source and home, then there is misunderstanding and finally conflict. This is true of the relationship between Nelly and Catherine in _Wuthering Heights_. The exchange between Catherine and Nelly in the ninth chapter illustrates perfectly the active imagination of Catherine and the passive or repressed imagination of Nelly as she refuses to "make any sense" of Catherine's "nonsense" (82), her sense of herself. Unlike Jane, who "[has] no wish to talk nonsense" (_JE_, 139), Catherine finds that to talk "nonsense," in Nelly's terms, is the only way she can express herself. The conflict is not within Catherine, as it is primarily within Jane; it is between herself and Nelly. It is also between what the two personalities represent, the poetic, passionate sensibility and the practical, common-sense sensibility. Catherine attempts to tell Nelly "[her] secret," the secret of who she is (80). It is a secret which Nelly, who is usually nosy, is both reluctant to hear and unwilling to keep.

> "Nelly, will you keep a secret for me?" she pursued, kneeling down by me, and lifting her winsome eyes to my face with that sort of look which turns off bad temper, even when one has all

> the right in the world to indulge it.
> "Is it worth keeping?" I inquired less sulkily.
> "Yes, and it worries me, and I must let it out!" (77)

Catherine then proceeds to tell Nelly that Edgar Linton has proposed to her. However, her intention to marry Edgar is not the secret which she wanted to tell. Her "secret" is the mystery of who she is. But Nelly does not want to know Catherine as intimately as Catherine wants to be known. Catherine does, indeed, exist in a "frightful isolation" (153).

She and Nelly continue to irritate each other as the talk progresses and the essential incompatibility of their natures becomes increasingly apparent to the reader. One gets the impression that they require a translator to alter the language of one into the language of the other. Each believes that the other is continually missing the point. Catherine requires the symbolism, the irrational logic of the unconscious in dreams to describe the truth of who she is and what she needs. Forbidden by Nelly to use dreams as a frame of reference, her self-expression is limited to consciousness and the restrictions of Nelly's sensibility. Because she is forced to communicate in a form alien to the experience she wants to describe, Catherine finds release in metaphor and paradox.

> "This is for the sake of one who comprehends in his person my feelings to Edgar and myself. I cannot express it; but surely you and every body have a notion that there is, or should be, an existence of yours beyond you. What were the use of my creation if I were entirely contained here? My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning; my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and he remained, I should still continue to be; and, if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the Universe would turn to a mighty stranger. I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods. Time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees--my love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath--a source of little visible delight, but

> necessary. Nelly, I am Heathcliff--he's always, always in my mind--not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself--but, as my own being--so, don't talk of our separation again--it is impracticable; and--"
>
> She paused, and hid her face in the folds of my gown; but I jerked it forcibly away. I was out of patience with her folly. (81-82)

Catherine expresses the inexpressible. Literally and logically she is not Heathcliff. Neither can Heathcliff literally comprehend in his being Catherine's feelings for Edgar and herself. There can not be an existence "beyond you" that is "yours." Poetically and spiritually there can. That something can be itself and yet something else, or more than itself, simultaneously, makes sense only within the context of a poetic sensibility. Catherine uses the language of paradox and simile to simulate in Nelly's imagination her experience of herself. She uses language as though she shared Wordsworth's conviction that emotion is more important than its formal release; whether this release takes the form of action or words: "the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling."[8] Feeling determines form and gives it meaning.

What Catherine attempts to do does not work. Even without referring directly to the unconscious and its dream imagery, she has appealed to the imagination with its specific kind of sense. Nelly is frightened of the power of the imagination, its peculiar logic and experience. She links it superstitiously with fantasy, anarchy and madness. Truth does not express itself to her in dreams, or in dream language, as it does to Catherine; and if it did, it is a kind of 'truth' she wants nothing to do with. Like Lockwood's experience with the nightmare, Nelly is alternately horrified or simply irritated by anything not directly fulfilling the conditions of common sense. Catherine's need for a confidante compels her to find language for that which it is difficult to find language for. Similarly, Heathcliff confides in Nelly at the end of the book when he nears *his* crisis of choice, or perhaps more correctly non-choice, and demands that she not repeat what she has heard. "But you'll not talk of what I tell you, and my mind is so eternally secluded in itself, it is tempting, at last, to turn it out to another" (323). The temptation to "turn it out" results in the novel's metaphorical and paradoxical language. It also results in the book itself, because, of course, Nelly keeps no secrets. She freely tells what she has heard in confidence to Lockwood, and Lockwood tells us. Nelly continually exposes secrets, she makes the private public, just as she demands that poetry be put into prose.

Metaphor and paradox expose the truth about the self. Perhaps the central paradox of the book which best represents the frustrated union between opposites is expressed by Heathcliff in the scene before Catherine's death: "I love *my* murderer--but *yours*! How can I?" (160). The italicized "my" and "yours" make the contradiction obvious. The murderer of both Heathcliff and Catherine is the same person: Catherine. This essentially represents the dilemma that they find themselves in. If they are to live physically and socially, they must live in the world. The world's standards and expectations are represented by Thrushcross Grange, Edgar Linton and Nelly. Similarly, unless they are to live totally within themselves, they must express, at some point, who they are and what life is like for them. The attempt to live in the world according to its demands breaks first Catherine, and then Heathcliff. The normal ordinary confines of language cannot contain the expression of who they are. Catherine's need to marry Edgar is similar to her need to confide in Nelly; and this need strains the accepted perimeters of language. In a sense language breaks in the use of paradox. The conventional meaning of words is strained by the necessity to express the inexpressible. Ultimately, Catherine and Heathcliff express themselves and then, unconsciously, commit suicide. Their self-destruction is the result of their need for self-expression. Thus the concept of paradox itself becomes an image for the self in Wuthering Heights. The meeting of contrary concepts in language represents, on a different level, the meeting of contrary existences. When placed together the opposites destroy the separate meaning of each to form a greater truth. Heathcliff defines love by murder. The two meanings, in a sense, die in the union, but together form a greater concept of both love and murder. The source of life for Heathcliff becomes the reason for death. Similarly, for Catherine, the expression of her love requires her death. The consequences of their union are dramatised in their last embrace before Catherine's death.

> An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. (160)

The union of life and death infuses the novel, making the image of the grave the central image of the novel.

> . . . The grave, in [Emily's] work, stands too for the paradox of life in death among the mourners beside it, for the strength of the spirit after death, for the walking ghost, the memory that is the ghost, so strong that it lives on, and for the dead, who, Banquo-like, refuse to keep their graves or take eternal rest--as against the living death of being confined, constrained, tormented.[9]

Heathcliff is consumed by a need for revenge until Catherine's ghost upstages the ghostly presences of Hindley's crime and his rejection by her. Heathcliff does not have to seek the empty shape of his life, Catherine's corpse, after Catherine's unseen spirit reassures him of her continued spiritual existence (289-90). It is as if the form he frantically scrambles after has less life than the ghost he cannot yet see. For Catherine, this life in death becomes more real, more desirable, than her previous existence which had been a death in life.

> "And," added she, musingly, "the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison, after all. I'm tired, tired of being enclosed here. I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there; not seeing it dimly through tears; and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it, and in it. Nelly, you think you are better and more fortunate than I; in full health and strength--you are sorry for me--very soon that will be altered. I shall be sorry for you. I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. I wonder he won't be near me!" (160)

Heathcliff too must yearn for something he sees "dimly." For him also, the body becomes a prison. He is walled in by a broken heart and prevented from living by his "health and strength."

> "So much the worse for me that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you--oh God! would you like to live with your soul in the grave?" (161)

Here is De Quincy's "literature of power"[10] working. We are moved to apprehend the foolish, the nonsensical, the melodramatic and contradictory as though they had more reality and substance, more meaning, than the reasonable approach to the world. We know what Heathcliff means, just as we also know what Nelly means when she declares she does not know Heathcliff. We know them both very well. Emily Brontë makes the paradox of Heathcliff and Catherine's existence reflect the paradoxical position of the reader, who finds within himself a powerful sympathy for that which he does not understand rationally, while simultaneously agreeing with Nelly's judgement that Heathcliff is not a member of "[our] own species" (160). The reader finds himself in the same state of conflict that is the major thematic concern of the novel. We too stand off in "great perplexity" (161).

Just as paradox expresses the truth about Catherine and Heathcliff's relationship, so simile reveals the truth about Heathcliff's relationship with the rest of humanity:

> He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so, I stood off, and held my tongue, in great perplexity. (160-61)

Ironically, what is presented here as metaphoric is almost literally true. Heathcliff does not "understand" Nelly's language; and in this sense they are not members of the same species. Again, poetic expression exposes a greater and deeper truth than prose alone is able to. Here the metaphor demonstrates that the difference between Nelly and Heathcliff is not simply a difference of personality, but of being.

Virginia Woolf claims that Emily Brontë was a greater poet than Charlotte because she attempted to heal a more ruthless set of contradictions, and did not confine herself to an expression of her own private experience.

> Wuthering Heights is a more difficult book to understand than Jane Eyre because Emily was a greater poet than Charlotte . . . Emily was inspired by some more general conception. The impulse which urged her to create was not her own suffering or her own injuries. She looked out upon a world cleft into

> gigantic disorder and felt within her the power to unite it in a book.[11]

The story is an allegory of a universe fragmented at every level. Existence is fractured within the individual, between people, and within the social and natural world of the novel. If it is an allegory, it is a Shakespearean allegory where characters dramatise, rather than personify, the truth about themselves. In a Shakespearean allegory the characters and events of the drama are symbolic rather than strictly allegorical. The personalities in Wuthering Heights have symbolic significance for each other. They are described in absolute terms as though they represent more than what they are. On several occasions, Heathcliff is referred to as "the devil" (334) or "a devil" (136) by himself and others. He calls Catherine Earnshaw "Her" or "that sleeper" (289); and he is "He" or "Him" (160) for Catherine. Nelly is called "[the] hidden enemy." Heaven and Hell are relative terms and are also viewed as absolutes. They are relative because they are determined by the sensibility of the individual character; and absolute because they are not relative for that individual. Catherine Earnshaw's heaven is always her heaven, just as Heathcliff is eternally the completion of herself. Not only is the world a divided place, but within the framework of Emily's cosmos, heaven is not a place where the divisions between men are healed. Heaven, like home, is defined as the environment where one is most oneself. It emphasises the divisions between kinds rather than eliminating them. The universe is a puzzle broken into a series of frequently opposing perspectives. Even between those of like personalities there are barriers of pride and convention which alienate kindred; for example, between Edgar and Isabella, and Catherine and Heathcliff. These are the fragments that Emily Brontë attempts to unite into a unified vision where all the conditions governing existence are satisfied.

The setting of the story also has symbolic significance in relation to human experience. The moors between the Grange and the Heights are a kind of twilight zone between two antithetical characters and their respective environments. They are a place of possibility, of chance meetings between the two spheres of existence. The moors are a realm of freedom where civilization is superfluous and courage and will essential. Their pinnacle is Wuthering Heights, the height, or highest point, of the moors. The ghost child Catherine is lost on the moors, unable to come home until Heathcliff facilitates her entrance into the interior world of the Heights with his own death. The place, Wuthering Heights, and the person, Heathcliff, are images for each other. The internal world of the self and the external world of nature meet and unite in the deaths of Catherine and Heathcliff. They become one with the environment which defines and expresses them. Like the moors, windows are openings between worlds in the book. Significantly, the window is open when Heathcliff is found dead, and the corpse is washed with the rain coming in from outside. Before Catherine dies she forces the window of her bedroom open to gaze out onto the moors. She opens it in preparation for her spirit to depart and roam the moors. When, as a ghost child, she attempts to enter Wuthering Heights during Lockwood's nightmare, she tries to come in through the window. He blocks the window with books, the symbols of education, respectability and social acceptance. She struggles against the barrier and Lockwood becomes cruel. Nelly had sought to suppress a revelation of Catherine's soul, first by pleading superstitious anger generated by her conventional common sense, and later during Catherine's madness, she suppresses her with cruelty. Nelly closes windows: "I hasped the window" (335). The moors, and windows, divide the two places that represent life or death, a home for some, or a kind of purgatory for others. Catherine and her daughter attempt to make both dwelling places home, but only the younger Cathy succeeds. The servant Ellen Dean moves between the worlds and acts as a disruptive and, occasionally, as a conciliatory force, in both. The world of the Grange and the Heights is a cosmos populated with characters that dramatise the human condition of self-estrangement and the estrangement between selves and nature.

Heathcliff's humanity is constantly in question. He is most frequently described in non-human terms. He is a place, a state of mind, a way of being. He represents a condition in man, but is not himself seen to be a man. His humanity is also a relative condition, dependent upon the individual perspective of each character. Certainly he is not a normal person. He cannot be appealed to on the grounds of sympathy and "common humanity" (148). In the sense that he is inhuman he is also inhumane. As Catherine rightly asserts to Isabella, for her, Heathcliff would not be a "man." It is only to please Catherine that Heathcliff consents to be humane at all, and is thus, for her, human. For everyone else in the book he represents something alien or bestial and is consequently inhumane to those for whom he is inhuman.

> "Nelly, help me to convince her of her madness. Tell her what Heathcliff is--an unreclaimed creature, without refinement--without cultivation; an arid wilderness of furze and whinstone." (102)

Yet Heathcliff is also very human, as human as Othello, Iago, Hamlet or Macbeth. He expresses something known and understood as human.

Furthermore, his need for revenge, justification and self-expression attests to his humanity: "Well, Hareton's aspect was the ghost of my immortal love, of my wild endeavours to hold my right, my degradation, my pride, my happiness, and my anguish" (324). Like a Shakespearean villain or hero, Heathcliff is simultaneously more and less than human as well as expressing through his existence a recognisable human experience. He dramatises the paradoxical nature of humanity's inhumanity to itself. He is mad or unbalanced without the humanizing influence of Catherine--just as Catherine becomes unstable when access to the other side of herself, Heathcliff, is denied her. And Heathcliff has an "existence beyond [himself]" (82). He yearns for the fulfilment that union with his other self would provide. In a sense, Heathcliff and Catherine could effect an incarnation through their union, but Catherine prevents it. By marrying Edgar, Catherine indirectly kills herself and Heathcliff. Heathcliff and Catherine's meaning for each other is dependent upon their marriage. Their marriage cannot be platonic and unsocial while they remain flesh and blood. This is Catherine's mistake, her "wrong" (161), from Heathcliff's perspective. When she denies their sexual, social and temporal union, she denies them both fulfilment as spirits made flesh. She is guilty of relegating Heathcliff to a completely symbolic, elemental existence as "the eternal rocks below" (81). In fact, Catherine falls into the trap that many critics have, that of seeing Heathcliff as only a representative, a symbol of natural forces, with no real independent, autonomous life of his own. Heathcliff is fully human, or rather, he is capable of being fully human, because he is an incarnation, a fusion of idea and form, or flesh and spirit. He demonstrates his physical reality forcefully in the scene before Catherine's death. Some critics have claimed that their relationship is completely asexual. It is difficult to imagine such passion between a man and a woman, expressing itself as physically as it does in this scene, without it being at least peripherally sexual. The exchange between the couple here convinces the reader that they are trying, desperately, frantically, to impress their physical presences upon each other, as though this has been the one thing that has been denied them, and the one aspect of their relationship which has been ignored. They seem to be tearing each other apart, not in combat, or not only in combat, but also in an effort to establish contact after a long period of deprivation from anything but social and friendly ties, and in the face of a long period of deprivation which they know to be ahead of them.

> A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her: while he, in return, cover[ed] her with frantic caresses . . . . (161)

Because of Catherine's denial of reality, her union with Heathcliff can be achieved only after their individual incarnations, as spirits dwelling in bodies, have been dissolved in death. This is why Catherine ultimately finds her body to be a prison, something which denies her self-fulfilment. Life means death for Catherine and death means life. The normal understanding of words and their meanings is reversed. In the horrifying scene following the decisive quarrel between Edgar and Heathcliff, Catherine's self-imposed isolation becomes her own self-estrangement from the physical and social world represented by her marriage to Edgar. She no longer wants Edgar and becomes haunted by herself. She does not like what she has become as a consequence of her marriage. The gigantic schizoid disorder of the world is presented in

Catherine's madness, self-estrangement, and abstinence from food and social intercourse. Catherine does not recognise her own reflection:

> "There's nobody here!" I insisted. "It was yourself, Mrs. Linton; you knew it a while since."
>
> "Myself," she gasped, "and the clock is striking twelve! It's true, then; that's dreadful!" (124)

Soon Catherine will literally be, and have, no body. This scene foreshadows the time when Heathcliff will be haunted by his other self and will see her image mirrored everywhere around him, and in his own features.

Together, Heathcliff and Catherine dramatise how the frustration of desire becomes the frustration, or negation, of self. The desire outwards, to fuse with otherness, a yearning which can only be described and understood poetically, becomes the essence of self in Wuthering Heights.

The truth that the characters enact about themselves reflects the truth about the human condition. The personalities of the novel represent and contain divisive and unifying forces that exist both within the individual and within society. Nelly is the force that seeks to keep things safe. She admonishes the younger Cathy to avoid going too far on the moors, the place of danger, risk and fate. When Nelly acts as mistress and not as servant, she is a tyrannical life-destroying presence: "'To hear you, people might think you were the mistress!' [Catherine] cried. 'You want setting down in your proper place!'" (111). But her heart is won by the love between Cathy and Hareton, and in this union, Nelly represents a healing, mediating power:

> "You see, Mr. Lockwood, it was easy enough to win Mrs. Heathcliff's heart; but now, I'm glad you did not try--the

> crown of all my wishes will be the union of those two; I shall envy no one on their wedding-day--there won't be a happier woman than myself in England!" (316)

Time, chance, place, circumstance, nature and social class; all that affects or controls man, and which is forever indifferent to him, yields to the power of a fearless love. The younger Cathy accomplishes what her mother could not. She offers Hareton back his self-esteem by asking his forgiveness and by enabling him to become socially adequate. Her sacrificial approach to Hareton achieves what Heathcliff's enormous pride and strength of will could not. At the end of the book Heathcliff and Catherine exist outside the world and outside of the body: they are more effectively symbolic than human. Hareton and Catherine craft the incarnation of themselves and of the world through their union. Together they subdue disorder and chaos; within nature and within human nature. Cathy persuades Hareton to plant gardens around the Heights and to cultivate and control himself through education and self-respect. And withal, they are still free. Rusticity co-exists with civilization, manual labour with education. The union of security and freedom initiates growth within the self and the world. Heathcliff and Catherine's marriage had the potential to thwart the life-denying influences of fate, society and human inhumanity--the "misery, and degradation, and death, and [all] that God or Satan could inflict," which Heathcliff identified as being unable to part them (161). For Hareton and Cathy this power is a reality.

> "They are afraid of nothing," I grumbled, watching their approach through the window. "Together they would brave Satan and all his legions." (337)

Catherine's desire for temporal and social fulfilment is attained by her nephew and her daughter. The two are kindred, literally as well as spiritually, which was not true of Heathcliff and Catherine. Their literal physical and social union initiates the "change" (324) that facilitates Catherine and Heathcliff's spiritual union. Hareton and Cathy's marriage fulfils the deepest desires of both Nelly *and* Catherine Earnshaw. In this union, Catherine could ask Nelly "is it right" and Nelly can both understand and respond: "it is." When Hareton and Cathy wander between Thrushcross Grange and Wuthering Heights they are not trespassing upon private property; *all* parts and settings of the world are home for them. Their union is the healing of the little cosmos that Emily Brontë has set up in *Wuthering Heights*. Above and below the moors, all are at peace and in heaven. The novel can be seen as allegorical because every aspect of the story has significance beyond its immediate purpose. Allegory in *Wuthering Heights* is a kind of inner symbolic structure. It stresses the uniquely human capacity to find or create the symbolic nature of reality hidden at the centre of things. Nelly, the narrator and spy, has discovered and exposed the secrets of human existence.

The narrative style of the novel grounds it in a paradoxical structure. By juxtaposing the internal experience of self and its laws with the external world and its social and moral laws, Emily Bronte sets the action of the story within a tension between conflicting interests. She successfully contains human experience, expressed in poetry, within the external world of facts. The book is so carefully controlled that the conflict becomes the premise for the drama. It is used creatively through the frame of a paradoxical view of reality. Thus the passionate love and hate of Catherine and Heathcliff, their anguish, despair and madness occur in the context of the rusticity and practicality of the farm, Wuthering Heights. Catherine and Heathcliff inform the reader about who they are; they attempt to express "the lightning" of their souls (80), through Nelly's prosaic world view. Both the spatial setting of Wuthering Heights within the story, and the narrative setting, Nelly's recounting of the story, become home, the place for the expression of the poetic sensibility. In Wuthering Heights, poetic experience is most itself, most clearly expressed through prose. Wuthering Heights is Catherine's heaven. It is the place where she can be most freely herself. She would not have the pathetic, vital, terrifying personality that she has for the reader without the interposing filter of Nelly's consciousness. Without Nelly, Catherine would appear simply mad, or theatrical. Ironically, through Nelly's limited vision, Catherine's passion appears sane and intensely alive. Without Edgar and Lockwood to act as foils for Heathcliff and Hareton, they would simply appear brutal and, particularly in the case of Heathcliff, unreal. Their contrasting personalities make Hareton and Heathcliff appear strong and courageously independent as well as brutal and abnormally anti-social. And especially when compared with Lockwood, they come across as strangely unartificial. Without Lockwood, the stranger, and Nelly, who is a kind of spiritual stranger at Wuthering Heights, not only would we literally not have the story (the two comprising the narrator and the audience), but we would not have the poetry-prose balance which, in Virginia Woolf's terms, "fuses the fragments of disparate realities."[12] Emily's choice of form embodies her theme perfectly. Poetic truth assumes the force and credibility of prose. The expectations with which the reader approaches prose are fulfilled by the poetic sense of the novel.

Perhaps the major paradox of the novel is this reversal of how reality is perceived. The greatest humanity remains with the almost completely symbolic hero and heroine. Symbol seems more real than fact: the ghosts contain more 'life' than those remaining alive. The reader feels that the "steady, reasonable kind of body" (61) distorts reality more than the passionate, wilful spirits of Catherine and Heathcliff. At times, they are more "steady" and "reasonable" than Nelly.

> The light flashed on his features, as I spoke. Oh, Mr. Lockwood, I cannot express what a terrible start I got, by the momentary view! Those deep black eyes! That smile, and ghastly paleness! It appeared to me, not Mr. Heathcliff, but a goblin; and, in my terror, I let the candle bend towards the wall, and it left me in darkness.
>
> "Yes, close it," he replied, in his familiar voice. "There, that is pure awkwardness! Why did you hold the candle horizontally? Be quick, and bring another."
>
> I hurried out in a foolish state of dread . . . . (329)

Nelly is terrified of what she does not understand. Significantly, she is "left in darkness" by her own fearful reaction to Heathcliff's approaching self-fulfilment. Again, she is too close to the dreamlike consciousness where Catherine and Heathcliff are most themselves, and feels terrified of a reality where the rules she uses to govern existence do not apply. Furthermore, at this point in the book the dream-world is dominating the life at the Heights. It has become more real than the reality that Nelly inhabits, and it affects her so strongly that she has trouble remaining rational. She starts to drift into the world of imagination. Nelly reflects upon her irrational feeling that Heathcliff has come from another world and enters a kind of trance state, where she, like Catherine, prophesies the future: "And I began, half dreaming, to weary myself with imaging some fit parentage for him . . . . That came true," but, she continues, "Dawn restored me to common sense" (330). The poetic sensibility with which Nelly has been in conflict throughout the book rapidly dominates the Heights. Catherine comes home. The poetic imagination assumes the ascendancy. Charles Morgan maintains that it is in this meeting of two worlds that the novel is most like Emily's poetry:

> For whoever wrote the poems wrote Wuthering Heights, the same unreality of this world, the same greater reality of another . . . the poems and the novel are twins of a unique imagination.[13]

The people who inhabit "this world" are woefully inadequate in dealing with the other. Nelly, in effect, becomes Catherine's mistress before her death. Nelly manages her and oppresses her. But Catherine had declared that she would be "beyond and above" Nelly after death, that she would be "sorry for [her]" (160). As Nelly approaches this other world near the end of the book we realize why Catherine would be sorry for her. Nelly has no adequate way of dealing with the world where Catherine is at home. When the world that Catherine inhabits assumes a "greater reality" Nelly is incapable of rationally dealing with this reality.

The prose of Wuthering Heights is poetic, but not in the same way that Jane Eyre's is. The text is not full of passages heavy with figurative language, syntactic inversion and personification. Rather, the language of Wuthering Heights is poetic for other reasons. Margaret Willy, in her book, A Critical Commentary On Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights," explains,

> To say that a novel is 'lyrical' or 'poetic'--as many critics have called Wuthering Heights--does not mean that we should expect to find in it passages of long and elaborately 'fine' descriptive writing. Rather the reverse. The true poet uses words with the strictest economy and precision in order to gain its effects. Emily Brontë was a poet--the author of some half-dozen of the most magnificent mystical poems in the language; and in her one novel she wrote prose with a poet's fastidious skill.[14]

In her book, Willy offers numerous examples of Emily's use of repetition, assonance and alliteration. Emily 'paints' her scenes with colour and texture, delineating them with a careful attention to detail. We are given the portrait of a landscape and a dwelling place in the following passage:

> Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling, "Wuthering" being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there, at all times, indeed: one may guess the power of the north wind, blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few, stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones. (2)

Willy draws our attention to Emily's precise selection of words and their appropriateness to the feeling she wants to evoke in the reader as well as the picture she wishes to conjure up:

> Notice how effective are the adjectives there--'stunted' firs, 'gaunt' thorns--in conveying the force of the north wind blowing around the house; the pictorial aptness of the image of the trees seen as beggars 'craving alms of the sun'; the strength of the verb 'defended', and the adjective 'jutting', to communicate the feeling of the house besieged by the elements.[15]

The repetition of "s" sounds in "guess," "excessive," "slant," "stunted" and "stretching," suggesting the sound of the wind "blowing," verges on onomatopoeia. We have a picture of a fortress, buttressed against the hostile world, with "wretched inmates" truly "[deserving] perpetual isolation from [their] species . . ." (7). And, of course, sometimes landscapes are portraits of people. In particular, the passage where Cathy describes her version, and then Linton's, of a perfect place to be, is almost pure poetry (examples of assonance and alliteration have been underlined):

> He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up overhead, and the blue sky and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his most perfect idea of heaven's happiness--mine was rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright, white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but throstles, and blackbirds, and linnets, and cuckoos pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool dusky dells; but close by, great swells of long grass undulating in waves to the breeze; and woods and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstasy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle, and dance in a glorious jubilee. (248)

As in *Jane Eyre* the movement words, the verbs and adverbs, carry the most significant information. Movement delineates Cathy, she is the "rocking," "rustling," "blowing," "bright," "rapid" action of her world. Action defines her. The repetitive sounds of her description of heaven make us hear and see nature stirred, nature alive and in the throes of strong emotion, "awake and wild with joy." Cathy is mirrored and affirmed by this picture of one of the masks of nature. She *is* what she enjoys and loves. Similarly, Linton is understood through what he desires. Willy notes how Emily's alliterative use of "m" in the description of his idea of a perfect day "exactly convey[s] the desired impression of lazy somnolence."[16] The passive inactivity of his "ecstasy of peace" accurately characterizes him. The poetic use of language in describing a particular character is important to the purpose of the book in revealing the nature of man. By showing us Cathy and Linton through their description of what constitutes heaven for them, the writer makes us see, feel and hear them. We hear Cathy in the wind blowing and the rushing water, we hear Linton in the humming bees; we see the one in the undulating grass and the other in the cloudless sky. We encounter them, we do not simply know about them. The poetic sounds and images of the language enable the reader to participate in their individual personalities just as they participate in the natural world which reflects and shares their being.

However, often the language that Emily Brontë uses has the most emotional and imaginative power when it sounds most prosaic. It is precisely the starkness and terseness of the language, her use of understatement and irony, that is the most evocative and the most dramatically compelling. Catherine and Heathcliff's 'prayers' to each other can be seen to assume the dimensions of dramatic soliloquies because they have both the straightforwardness of prose and some of the rhythm of poetry. If viewed in a poetic format, using the punctuation of the passages to end each line, the metrical flow of the language becomes apparent:

> "May she wake in torment!
> . . . "Why, she's a liar to the end!
> Where is she?
> Not *there*--
> not in heaven--[17]
> not perished--where?
> Oh! you said you cared nothing for my sufferings!
> And I pray one prayer--
> I repeat it till my tongue stiffens--
> Catherine Earnshaw,
> may you not rest, as long as I am living!
> You said I killed you--
> haunt me, then!
> The murdered *do* haunt their murderers.
> I believe--
> I know that ghosts *have* wandered on earth.
> Be with me always--
> take any form--
> drive me mad!
> only *do* not leave me in this abyss,
> where I cannot find you!
> Oh, God! it is unutterable!
> I *cannot* live without my life!
> I *cannot* live without my soul!" (167)[18]

The dashes, exclamation marks and commas, the absence of colons, semicolons and periods, give the above passage the hurried abandon of unchecked passion. The relatively long sentences in the passage, surrounded by short exclamations and imperatives, make the speech sound like a series of long notes interspersed and contained within staccato beats. The sound of the speech corresponds with Heathcliff's state of mind. The prayer exhorts, exclaims, begs, demands, questions and states. The rage and anguish mixed with the grief rob the passion of sentimentality. His pain truly does not evoke "compassion," it "appall[s]" (167). Similarly, his words do not come from self-pity but emerge from a deep dismay at his own ability to suffer. The language is stern. There are few figures of speech. When Jane Eyre first beholds the ruin of Thornfield Hall she offers the reader an illustration in an effort to describe her feelings and in some way enlist the reader's understanding and sympathy. The figurative language of Charlotte's prose is obviously poetic. Heathcliff does not want our sympathy, nor our understanding, any more than Catherine wants Nelly's tears (166). "My soul" and "my life" could, at first, be taken as metaphorical. But the direct, prosaic language of the rest of the passage as well as Heathcliff's personality, make these 'figures of speech' sound literally true. They have the ring of fact. Neither Catherine nor Heathcliff ever refers to each other as "my heart" or "my delight," or in any other conventionally poetic or romantic conceits. Their passion is never sentimental because they do not play at emotion. Catherine toys with feeling when she declares that she loves Linton, "because he is handsome, and young, and cheerful, and rich" (78). Catherine and Heathcliff are each other's life, because the self in Wuthering Heights is defined by its relationship to other selves. They are each other's heaven and hell. Nelly's Christian platitudes and exhortations to Heathcliff and Catherine sound unreal in the face of this fact. Her prosaic approach to events and characters in the novel frequently has nothing to do with the reality of the character or situation that she addresses. In Catherine's prayer to Heathcliff during what Nelly terms her "insanity," Catherine prophesies the future. Like Shelley's poet, Catherine belongs to a realm where she sees more than she can rationally understand or explain. And like Jane, she has become a "hierophant" of an "unapprehended inspiration."[19]

> "Look! . . . that's my room, with the candle in it,
> and the trees swaying before it . . .
> and the other candle is in Joseph's garret . . .
> Joseph sits up late, doesn't he?
> He's waiting till I come home that he may lock the gate.
> Well, he'll wait a while yet.
> It's a rough journey, and a sad heart to travel it;
> and we must pass by Gimmerton Kirk,
> to go that journey!
> We've braved its ghosts often together,
> and dared each other to stand
> among the graves and ask them to come . . .
> But Heathcliff, if I dare you now,
> will you venture?
> If you do, I'll keep you.
> I'll not lie there by myself;
> they may bury me twelve feet deep,
> and throw the church down over me,
> but I won't rest till you are with me . . .
> I never will!
>   . . . He's considering . . .
> he'd rather I'd come to him!
> Find a way, then!
> not through that Kirkyard . . .
> you are slow!
> Be content,
> you always followed me! (126-27)

Again, there is little descriptive language. The tone is conversational. The pauses, marked by dots, are followed by statements ending with exclamation marks. The speech is both contemplative and exclamatory. As well, the dots for pauses instead of commas give the impression that Catherine is in fact conversing with Heathcliff as though he were on the other end of a private line. The dashes of Heathcliff's speech and the dots of Catherine's reveal the state of mind of the characters. The frequent use of exclamatory sentences in both speeches attests to the passion of each. The punctuation, the use of words and syntax, enable the reader to 'hear' the speakers. We get a "feeling of how [they] feel" (79). The sound of the language appeals to the imagination as much as does its imagery.

In this passage Catherine's insanity is a kind of super-sightedness. Her vision extends beyond death and the limitations of time and chance. She foretells the future of herself and Heathcliff. Her soliloquy is a conversation with Heathcliff. Unlike Jane and Rochester's supernatural exchange, Catherine speaks to a non-present Heathcliff in a completely matter-of-fact manner. Her tone underscores the truth of her original assertion that she _is_ Heathcliff. Again, what at first could be taken as a metaphor to describe a feeling actually states a literal fact. Feelings become facts in _Wuthering Heights_ and they must be dealt with in the same way that physical phenomena must be recognised. They enter the world and alter it. Heathcliff and Catherine's passion, Edgar's serenity, Nelly and Lockwood's complacency, correspond with elements and moods of the natural world. The passions are the wuthering heights of emotion. Emily Bronte's cosmos is an emotional landscape internally and externally dominated by passion. She imaginatively unites the forces of the physical world with their human counterpart. The union is not expressed in 'pathetic fallacy.' The elements do not sympathise with or reflect man. Rather, they are shown to be part of the same stuff that constitutes the realities of human personalities and existences. Catherine and Heathcliff become most themselves when they are actually a part of the life of the moors and the heights. They no longer yearn for this life through the confines of the physical body and social convention. They have come home. Places and persons are successfully united.

And symbol and fact are successfully united. Emily Brontë presents the melodramatic with the plausibility of the commonplace. She proves that the poetic sensibility can have the credibility of the prosaic --and perhaps more.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION: A COMPARISON BETWEEN WUTHERING HEIGHTS AND JANE EYRE

The poetic nature of Emily and Charlotte Brontë's books can be studied at three major levels: the thematic, the stylistic and the structural. The novels are thematically poetic because they are concerned, as Scargill points out, with questions and issues which are normally addressed in poetry. The novels are stylistically poetic because in varying degrees and ways the language of both novels is aurally and imagistically suggestive of poetry. The novels depend upon a symbolic interpretation of events and characters in order to make sense. Structurally they are largely unified by their allegorical dimensions. Both Wuthering Heights and Jane Eyre are allegorical in a Shakespearean sense. The timeless and the universal is incarnated in the concrete and the specific. The novels can also be considered as Shakespearean partly because they both follow the general outline of a Shakespearean tragedy where "all passion [is] spent";[1] that is, the action of the story moves from passion, conflict and dilemma to resolution and peace:

> Jane Eyre is the record of an intense spiritual experience, as powerful in its way as King Lear's ordeal of purgation, and it ends nobly on a note of calm.[2]

The "note of calm" is sounded even more convincingly in Wuthering Heights when Lockwood declares that he cannot imagine unquiet slumbers for those sleepers in the earth.

The novels are also very different, and sometimes are most different at precisely those points where they are the most similar.

The subject of Jane Eyre, Jane's maturation and victory over her divided self and the hostile world this self exists in, corresponds to her literal geographical and chronological journey through this world. Thus the exterior states of Jane's progress, Gateshead, Lowood, Thornfield, Moor House and Ferndean, symbolise and reflect Jane's interior states of mind and spirit. An external fact is almost always symbolic of an internal fact in Jane Eyre and this is what comprises the book's allegorical dimension. Similarly the novel's narrative structure is indicative of its thematic purpose. Jane is the central dominating consciousness of her story. This consciousness changes and matures as the book progresses. Jane herself is the plot because the action of the story is primarily the action of Jane's inner life. The events of the story which occur independently of this life are so coloured by Jane's perception of them, and her emotional or mental response to them, that it is sometimes difficult to tell what is fact and what is the fiction emerging from her imagination. This is precisely the point. Jane unifies and controls the story just as she attempts to control and unite all the rational and irrational, or emotional and imaginative, parts of herself. Plot is theme.

The narrative structure of Wuthering Heights also has been shown to be allegorical. Nelly Dean and Lockwood represent the external world from which the internal world of the Heights and the Grange is viewed. The intensely personal, frequently irrational drama of the passions is told from a perspective which is, for the most part, dispassionate, sensible and impersonal. The narrative structure is symbolic of the struggle that is the primary concern of the story. Also, the Heights and the Grange are symbolic of human inner states, just as the places that Jane journeys through reflect the stages and nature of her inner journey towards maturity. Wuthering Heights, like Jane Eyre, is about the self attempting to fulfil itself within a hostile environment. It is therefore concerned with the nature of personality, what it is that makes an individual unique. Both books assert the immutability of what the self uncompromisingly is. Heathcliff mutters after Nelly has attempted to tidy him up:

> "In other words, I must wish for Edgar Linton's great blue eyes and even forehead," he replied. "I do--and that won't help me to them." (WH 56)

And Jane declares after St. John has tried to form her to fit his purpose:

> The thing was as impossible as to mould my irregular features to his correct and classic pattern, to give to my changeable green eyes the sea blue tint and solemn lustre of his own. (JE 403)

As well, there are many similar characters which influence or control the self in both books. Nelly Dean is very much like Bessie or Mrs. Fairfax, and they dramatize similar principles in each book. Lockwood is comparable to Mr. Mason, and he serves as an effective foil for Heathcliff and Hareton in much the same way that Mason does for Rochester. Joseph, the canting hypocrite, is something like Mr. Brocklehurst, the canting hypocrite. Zillah is like the suspicious Hannah. The external social world of others is well represented in both novels in order to contrast effectively with the internal world of the passionate self where the determining action of the novels is dramatized.

Yet the differing narrative styles of the two books change the allegorical nature of each book. Jane Eyre is an allegory of the

Everywoman finding and fulfilling herself in an antagonistic world. Wuthering Heights is about the divided cosmos, the loss and regaining of paradise, the struggle of the whole human race to fulfil itself in an impersonal universe which is both indifferent to it, and in some sense shares its being. The narrative technique of Wuthering Heights balances the passionate with the precise, the universal with the particular. The extreme orderliness of detail in the novel, as it has been carefully examined in C. P. Sanger's essay "The Structure of Wuthering Heights,"[3] allows the madness, chaos and confusion within the story to remain comprehensible. Just as Nelly is frequently in control of the events of the story by relating or withholding information, so Emily Brontë is firmly in control of this seemingly wild tale of excess and abandon. Emily as artist waits on her novel in a fashion similar to the way Nelly serves the characters of the book. She keeps her novel tidy so that chaos is dramatized within order. David Cecil, in his essay "Emily Brontë and Wuthering Heights," claims that the irrational passions and emotional confusion occur within a story whose "general outline is as logical as that of a fugue."[4] This balance serves the allegorical dimension of the book. E. M. Forster similarly states that Emily's "literal and careful mind introduced muddle, chaos, tempest because what is implied is more important than what is said."[5] The confusion and conflict within the novel keep the reader reading beneath the surface of the facts and prevent him from accepting what occurs in the novel at face value.

We then come to Emily Brontë's prose style. Her prose is poetic because it almost always implies more than what it actually says. The tone of the prose often balances the nature of the information that is being imparted. The allegory of the book deals in the universals of life and death, fate and time, nature and society, morality and instinct. Yet frequently the prose makes these larger than life forces come down to earth. Often the actual discussion or description of them is understated in order to make them sound as though they were inconsequential in comparison with the towering experience of the human self. Consider the passage previously quoted where Catherine "speaks" to Heathcliff while talking to herself (126-27). The overwhelming impression left by her words is of her humanity, of the poignant weariness of her search for her heaven, for the place where she can be herself. The facts of death and time and fate become insignificant in relation to her need to be herself. The "while yet" is eighteen years. The "rough journey" is the voyage through the hell of isolation, madness, frustration and death before the final attainment of peace. She is, in fact, "daring" Heathcliff to live with his "soul in the grave" (161). The childish game of conjuring up spirits in the graveyard is played in "frightful earnest" (121). Irony forces the reader into feeling the truth about Catherine and Heathcliff's condition, rather than perceiving them from the distanced perspective of Nelly Dean. Like some passages in Jane Eyre, this speech can be lifted from the text and understood to represent, in microcosm, the whole novel.

The stark brevity and honesty of the speech by Heathcliff which follows Catherine's death (167), also quoted earlier, expresses the condition of man divided against himself by an act of betrayal. In this speech he is not mourning Catherine. Edgar mourns for Catherine. Heathcliff is raging against the loss of meaning, the loss of his soul, and thus, the loss of his humanity. For the rest of the book, until he is again diverted by Catherine from his course of inhumanity when her ghost appears to him, he is indeed more lika a "mad dog" (160) than a human being. He wanders lost through the second half of the novel, locked in "The Dungeon of [the] self,"[6] unable to rest anywhere or with anyone. His deep restlessness is similar to Hamlet's or Lear's. It occurs after the destruction of meaning which follows a betrayal by someone who is loved and trusted. This seems to be part of the pattern in mythic dramas that portray a divided cosmos, a fragmented and self-alienated human race, as the condition of the world and humanity. Hamlet is betrayed by Gertrude and Ophelia, Lear by two of his daughters (precisely those daughters who claimed to love him the most), Samson is betrayed by his wife, King Arthur by Guinevere, Julius Caesar by Brutus, Christ by Judas, Adam by Eve. To some extent in all of these situations death enters the world through the breaking of trust, the disloyalty of a lover or friend: "Because misery, and degradation and death, and nothing that God or Satan could inflict would have parted us, you, of your own will, did it" (161). The point here is that Wuthering Heights presents the universal truths about human existence as an epic drama because it is essentially the story of man's fall through his own will, his consequent death, and the final redemption of man through forgiveness and sacrifice. The narrative style which gives the story its objective, impersonal quality, and the careful balancing of tone and content in the prose of the novel, help give the book this mythic stature.

The distanced position of the reader in relation to the story also aids in giving the main concern of the book, the sanctity of personality, an aura of a universal truth. Like Charlotte, Emily displays a reverence for the impenetrability of the mystery of selfhood. She keeps this mystery intact by approaching individual personalities through the veils of metaphor, for the self cannot be described directly. Unlike

Charlotte, Emily does not require only one point of view to give the self this quality of sanctity. We know that character judgements in the book are the result of one person's subjective opinion and therefore never the final word on that character. We are not tempted to support uncategorically any one assessment of a character or personality in Wuthering Heights as we are in Jane Eyre. Jane's point of view is almost invariably our point of view, we think as she does, we experience her world the way she does, because we are given no real alternative.

What is quite strange is that although the two books are concerned with a similar problem, the role of the self in a world largely hostile to that self, and although they frequently express this subject in similar imagery, they actually leave the reader with radically different impressions about their subjects. If the primary power of poetry is the impression left upon the imagination of the reader through the content and form of the language, then the novels communicate two almost opposing views and experiences of the self. This is strange because there are many striking parallels between Emily and Charlotte's treatment of the self-alienated self. For example, the red room episode in Jane Eyre is remarkably similar to Catherine Earnshaw's fit while she is locked up alone in her room at Thrushcross Grange. Neither Gateshead nor the Grange are places where the heroines of either book belong. They are both "exiles," "outcasts," "strangers" (WH 125), they are both "like nobody there" (JE 15). The panic and desperation of the self-alienated heroine is portrayed in similar imagery. Jane, like Catherine, does not see the image in the mirror to be a reflection of herself. She also feels "haunted." Catherine, like Jane, could say: "I was a trifle beside myself; or rather out of myself . . ." (12). And both heroines experience the utter frustration of being unable to make those around them understand their fears, their urgent needs, their tremendous desire to be liberated from the suffocating confines of their prisons. For both, to be locked into the self, surrounded by those who either do not understand them, are frightened by them, or are actively hostile towards them, constitutes madness and eventual death. Both Catherine and Jane could say with the younger Cathy: "You have left me so long to struggle against death, alone, that I feel and see only death! I feel like death!" (WH 294).

And there are many patterns of imagery common to both books: notably, the imagery surrounding children, the moors, windows, birds and animals. As well, Charlotte's poetic language reveals the truth about the characters and the nature of the world as it is revealed in the novel through what is implied, rather than through what is actually said. The sound of the language, the tone and rhythm of it, express more than does the actual content. The content of the language is often prophetic, allegorical or symbolic of a larger, more universal truth than what is being immediately communicated. The imagery in the language also tends to indicate or expose the greater truth behind the facts that are being given. This is where the two novels strongly differ.

In Jane Eyre the reader feels as though the desires and needs of the characters, the true inclinations of their natures, are being torn from them against their will through the power of poetry, the language of the unconscious. When St. John and Rochester reveal (JE 377, WH 203-4) the truth about what they want in the previously quoted speeches, their language becomes progressively less factual and more poetic. They reveal themselves unconsciously. Margot Peters in her book Charlotte Brontë:

Style and the Novel discusses how in the same way, Jane betrays herself through the poetic elements of the novel, the imagery and sound of the prose. Jane's language--her word choice and how she says what she says--reveals more about what Jane actually is and wants than she is willing to admit. At times, the reader senses that what she wants, and how she actually feels, are at odds with what she professes to want or feel. There are indications in Jane Eyre that at times Jane herself is aware of this discrepancy:

> He was fond and proud of me--it is what no man besides will ever be.--But where am I wandering, and what am I saying: and, above all, feeling? . . .
>
> Yes; I feel now that I was right when I adhered to principle and law, and scorned and crushed the insane promptings of a frenzied moment. God directed me to correct choice: I thank His providence for the guidance!
>
> Having brought my eventide musings to this point, I rose, went to my door, and looked at the sunset of the harvest-day, and at the quiet fields before my cottage; which, with the school, was distant half a mile from the village. The birds were singing their last strains--
>
> 'The air was mild; the dew was balm.'
>
> While I looked, I thought myself happy, and was surprised to find myself erelong weeping--and why? (364).

Jane seems to have some awareness that she is not as in control of herself as she believes herself to be, nor as fully aware of her true desires as she thinks she is. Yet the single strongest impression left upon the reader by much of the prose in Jane Eyre is of an unawareness of this self divided against herself. This impression is strong because it is unacknowledged. Jane is ostensibly direct, honest and in control. She takes pride in these qualities, and is unwilling to believe that she is not always direct, honest or in control of herself or the world. The facts of the book would lead the reader to believe that what Jane believes about herself is true. The poetic language of the book gives the reader deeper, truer information about the narrator, and perhaps about the author of Jane Eyre. The conscious, rational mind and the conscience of the central speaker continually attempt to suppress an unconscious which is so powerful that it succeeds in dominating the book--often, one suspects, against the will of the author. Yet Charlotte and Jane both acknowledge the greater veracity of the unconscious. Thus Jane's dreams, premonitions and imaginings are given great credence and authority. The book tends to oscillate between a defense of the irrational, and a desperate attempt to suppress it. Perhaps the novel is really about this conflict.

Such is not the case in Wuthering Heights. The primary characters know who they are; the pervading consciousness of the novel is not in conflict with itself. Nelly Dean does not suppress much, nor doubt much: but this does not mean that she is incapable of hypocrisy. Neither does Catherine, Heathcliff, or Edgar Linton. Even when Catherine betrays herself and Heathcliff by accepting Edgar's proposal of marriage, she does so knowing who she is and what she needs. She does not compartmentalize herself in the way that Jane does. We do not hear a variety of voices arguing inside of her as we do, for example, during the scene where Jane is deciding whether to be persuaded by Rochester to stay with him or not (321). It is true that before Catherine marries Edgar she struggles with a conflict within herself, but the reader senses that her decision is not made without an awareness of what she is doing and why. We do not receive the impression that Catherine is hiding parts of herself from herself. She freely and unselfconsciously admits her guilty reasons for preferring Edgar Linton to Heathcliff as a husband. She knows that she is acting in accordance with the "satisfaction of [her] whims" (81) and that she is not being noble or altruistic or Christian. Her motives are purely selfish, purely practical. And, ironically, it is in their practicality that they are the most unselfish: "Nelly, I see now, you think me a selfish wretch, but did it never strike you that if Heathcliff and I married, we should be beggars? whereas, if I marry Linton, I can aid Heathcliff to rise, and place him out of my brother's power" (81). Perhaps her blindness is centred in her naivete about human nature and the reality of the world rather than in herself and the motives she has for doing what she does. In this sense she is still a child, and remains one until her death. But she is never dishonest about what she thinks, feels, wants or believes. Neither is Heathcliff. Regardless of how socially or morally unacceptable his feelings, actions or desires are, he does not lie about them. Lying is seen as a betrayal of the self. Thus Heathcliff calls Catherine a "liar to the end" (167). In acting against her own deepest self she has been dishonest. The reader knows that Catherine did not intend to leave Heathcliff:

> "Who is to separate us, pray? They'll meet the fate of Milo! Not as long as I live, Ellen--for no mortal creature. Every Linton on the face of the earth might melt into nothing, before I could consent to forsake Heathcliff. Oh, that's not what I intend--that's not what I mean!" (81)

Yet, by avoiding the reality of how the world and Heathcliff actually operate and what they really will demand, Catherine invites death and frustration to enter the world of the novel:

> Like Lucy Snowe, Catherine tries to lead two lives: she hopes to spare authenticity with social convention, running in harness an ontological commitment to Heathcliff with a phenomenal relationship to Linton. "I am Heathcliff!" is dramatically arresting, but it is also a way of keeping the outcast at arm's length, evading the challenge he offers. If Catherine is Heathcliff, if identity rather than relationship

> is in question--then their estrangement is inconceivable, and Catherine can therefore turn to others without violating the timeless, metaphysical idea Heathcliff embodies. She finds in him an integrity of being denied or diluted in routine social relations; but to preserve that ideal means reifying him to Hegelian essence, sublimely untainted by empirical fact. Heathcliff, understandably, refuses to settle for this. He would rather enact his essence in existence by becoming Catherine's lover. He can, it seems, be endowed with impressive ontological status only at the price of being nullified as a person.[7]

The complex working out of Hindley's original sin, which was the degradation of the child Heathcliff, prevents Heathcliff from hearing what it would have been vital for him to hear. His pride does not allow him to listen after Catherine's declaration that it would "degrade [her] to marry Heathcliff, now" (80). And his pride is so easily wounded because Hindley has not permitted him to develop a healthy self-esteem. Catherine's sin is her immaturity and blindness, which may or may not be self-induced. The joint result of Hindley's crime and Catherine's "folly" (82) is the fall of Heathcliff and the subsequent fall of the Grange and the Heights: unnatural marriages take place, and unloved children are born.

In contrast, Jane never actually appears to act in contradiction to herself; she does struggle, but always ostensibly makes decisions which are in keeping with her true self. Yet the language of the book betrays a conflict that she may not be aware of, or chooses not to be aware of. Catherine makes a mistake in listening to her head and ignoring her heart. Jane also listens to her head and ignores her heart in the critical moment of decision, but the implication is that she is thus being more true to herself by doing so. Still, we feel that she rationalises feeling only by dismissing what her heart is trying to tell her:

> I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad--as I am now. . . . They have a worth--so I have always believed; and if I cannot believe it now, it is because I am insane--quite insane: with my veins running fire, and my heart beating faster than I can count its throbs. (321-22)

That Jane even mentions that she cannot "count" the beats of her heart indicates that she is trying to, or would like to be able to. She wants to impose her rational, factual, mental powers over her passions because she believes her emotions to be irrational and therefore wrong. Jane thus retains her pride in herself and her ability to be in control: "I felt, at the moment, powerless as stubble exposed to the draught and glow of a furnace--mentally, I still possessed my soul, and with it the certainty of ultimate safety" (322). Earlier, Jane had admitted to feeling a sense of power, which borders on self-satisfied complacency, over the irrational passions which dominate Rochester:

> The present--the passing second of time--was all I had in which to control and restrain him: a movement of repulsion, flight, fear, would have sealed my doom--and his. But I was not afraid: not in the least. I felt an inward power; a sense of influence, which supported me. The crisis was perilous, but not without its charm: such as the Indian, perhaps, feels when he slips over the rapid in his canoe. (306)

Or St. John feels in his rigid repression of Jane's heart and soul. The same word "charm" is used to describe St. John's attitude towards his control and restraint of Jane:

> She pushed me towards him. I thought Diana very provoking, and felt uncomfortably confused; and while I was thus thinking and feeling, St. John bent his head, his Greek face was brought to a level with mine, his eyes questioned my eyes piercingly--he kissed me. There are no such things as marble kisses, or ice kisses, or I should say, my ecclesiastical cousin's salute belonged to one of these classes; but there may be experiment kisses, and his was an experiment kiss. When given, he viewed me to learn the result; it was not striking: I am sure I did not blush; perhaps I might have turned a little

> pale, for I felt as if this kiss were a seal affixed to my fetters. He never omitted the ceremony afterwards, and the gravity and quiescence with which I underwent it, seemed to invest it for him with a certain charm. (403)

To some degree, Jane enjoys this same sense of power and pride that makes St. John Rivers so loveless and ruthlessly domineering. Her inflexibility during the scene where she informs Rochester that she is leaving borders on the cruel. At times the reader could agree that Jane is being dishonest, either with herself or Rochester. We could agree with Rochester that "You make me a liar by such language" (321). However, the book vindicates Jane: she is never allowed by the events of the story or by her own intellect actually to make a mistake or commit a wrong act. Jane chooses to be governed by the strict Christian, moral code of her society and if she digresses from rational or moral conduct or thought, she rarely permits herself to admit it. She does not feel resentment for the people of Morton who refuse her food and shelter:

> I blamed none of those who repulsed me. I felt it was what was to be expected, and what could not be helped: an ordinary beggar is frequently an object of suspicion; a well-dressed beggar inevitably so. To be sure, what I begged was employment: but whose business was it to provide me with employment? Not, certainly, that of persons who saw me then for the first time, and who knew nothing about my character. And as to the woman who would not take my handkerchief in exchange for her bread, why, she was right, if the offer appeared to her sinister, or the exchange unprofitable. (333)

Why does Jane work so hard to make the village's lack of compassion excusable? Later, she allows herself to get angry with Hannah for her hardness of heart, but only because she feels justified on Christian and moral grounds. She reproves Hannah as though she were rebuking a small child:

> "That proves you must have been an honest and faithful servant. I will say so much for you, though you have had the incivility to call me a beggar."
>
> She again regarded me with a surprised stare. "I believe," she said, "I was mista'en in my thoughts of you: but there is so mony cheats goes about, you mun forgie me."
>
> "And though," I continued, rather severely, "you wished to turn me from the door, on a night when you should not have shut out a dog."
>
> "Well, it was hard: but what can a body do? I thought more o' th' childer nor of mysel: poor things! They've like nobody to ta' care on 'em but me. I'm like to look sharpish."
>
> I maintained a grave silence for some minutes.
>
> "You munnut think too hardly of me," she again remarked.
>
> "But I do think hardly of you," I said; "and I'll tell you why--not so much because you refused to give me shelter, or regarded me as an impostor, as because you just now made it a species of reproach that I had no 'brass' and no house. Some of the best people that ever lived have been as destitute as I am; and if you are a Christian, you ought not to consider poverty a crime."
>
> "No more I ought," said she: "Mr. St. John tells me so too; and I see I wor wrang. . . ." (346-47)

Jane may believe that the only reason she is angry with Hannah is because the servant has been unchristian, but her comment that "you wished to turn me from the door, on a night when you should not have shut out a dog" betrays her own resentment at being treated with such harshness. As well, the fact that this line is possibly a reference to a comment by Lear (_King Lear_, IV.vii.36-38) indicates that either Jane or Charlotte intend the reader to believe that Jane has been deeply wronged. She is given something of the tragic stature of Lear, an association which Scargill also makes in the light of her plight as betrayed outcast and "wanderer on the face of the earth" (230). Yet, if Jane or Charlotte intend Jane to have this kind of tragic aura, it is kept a secret, implied but not directly stated. Furthermore, Jane's condescending tone and the sermon-like delivery of the rebuke again reminds the reader of St. John's character and some of the dishonesty he is capable of:

> "Formerly I answered, because you did not love me; now I reply, because you almost hate me. If I were to marry you, you would kill me. You are killing me now."
>
> His lips and cheeks turned white--quite white.
>
> "I should kill you--I am killing you? Your words are such as ought not to be used: violent, unfeminine, and untrue. They betray an unfortunate state of mind: they merit severe reproof: they would seem inexcusable; but that it is the duty of man to forgive his fellow, even until seventy-and-seven times." (417)

Of course St. John has not forgiven her, and if Jane's words are indeed "violent and unfeminine" they are certainly not "untrue." St. John needs to be perfect and thus always right, always in control. His reaction upon hearing what he doubtless unconsciously knows to be the truth is violently defensive. Jane recognizes defensiveness and the reasons for it in St. John, but does she recognise this dishonesty based on the need to be perfect and in control, in herself?

Catherine and Heathcliff unflinchingly confront the truth about themselves and each other, even when this truth is judged as silly, unconventional, sinful or frightening by the conventional, sensible Nelly Dean or the worldly Mr. Lockwood. The courage and strength which characterize Catherine and Heathcliff, and later Hareton and the younger Cathy, centre in this ability to be themselves. This often places them in direct conflict with the opinions of the controlling forces in their world. Ironically, because Catherine and Heathcliff, Cathy and Hareton, uncompromisingly remain who they are and express how they feel, they are free to make major mistakes and suffer the consequences of these mistakes. Catherine Earnshaw betrays herself. Jane compromises with the world constantly and this compromise never seems to affect her integrity. The conditions of the world that Catherine lives in demand that she die for her mistake: "If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough!" (161).

Catherine and Heathcliff pay the price for being themselves in the world that they exist in. Reality is exposed. Heathcliff has nothing but contempt for Isabella's self-inflicted blindness regarding his character:

> "She abandoned them under a delusion," he answered, "picturing in me a hero of romance, and expecting unlimited indulgences from my chivalrous devotion. I can hardly regard her in the light of a rational creature, so obstinately has she persisted in forming a fabulous notion of my character, and acting on the false impressions she cherished." (150)

Rationality here is defined by the mind's conscious awareness of the workings of the unconscious. Isabella is irrational because she refuses to see the truth. This is her folly for which she pays dearly. If Jane can sometimes be seen to act, in these terms, irrationally, she does not ultimately pay for her folly. Catherine Earnshaw understands that love is not always idyllic, that one's soul-mate is not always ". . . a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself . . ." (82). Heathcliff is not a source of "delight" for Catherine, but "necessary" (82). Contrast this with Jane's summation of her relationship with Rochester:

> I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blest--blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am: ever more absolutely bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my Edward's society: he knows none of mine, any more than we each do of the pulsation of the heart that beats in our separate bosoms; consequently, we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company. We talk, I believe, all day long: to talk to each other is but a more animated and audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him; all his confidence is devoted to me: we are precisely suited in character; perfect concord is the result. (456)

Is "perfect concord . . . the result" because Jane is always a pleasure to herself? This could be the implication of this passage if they are as fully each other's life as she claims they are. Isabella and Catherine pay for the folly of their wishful thinking with their happiness and their lives. Jane's wishful thinking is rewarded by becoming fact. Even when Jane believes she has been indulging in wishful thinking at the expense of reality and judges herself for it, she is later given what she wished for:

> Arraigned at my own bar, Memory having given her evidence of the hopes, wishes, sentiments I had been cherishing since last night--of the general state of mind in which I had indulged for nearly a fortnight past; Reason having come forward and told, in her own quiet way, a plain, unvarnished tale, showing how I had rejected the real and rabidly devoured the ideal;--I pronounced judgement to this effect:--
>
> That a greater fool than Jane Eyre had never breathed the breath of life: that more fantastic idiot had never surfeited herself on sweet lies, and swallowed poison as if it were nectar. (162)

Isabella and Catherine Earnshaw have also foolishly deluded themselves, yet their delusion is real and has real consequences. Jane's is not. The "sweet lies" turn out to be fact. This is why *Jane Eyre* has the flavour of a fairytale, a point that has been frequently made by critics concerning the Cinderella-like qualities of the novel. But the fact that the novel essentially fulfils the demands of Jane's fantasy about reality keeps it in conflict with the ostensible pretensions of the novel to be a record of "the events of my insignificant existence" (83), with the implication that the autobiographical nature of the novel makes it based upon objective truth. Thus, as Margot Peters has pointed out, feelings and motives emerge from the text through the imagery and sound of the language, which in turn colour the impressions of the reader, but are not consciously admitted as existing, by either the author or Jane.

Wuthering Heights, on the other hand, is less like a fairytale and has more epic, tragic scope because it starkly confronts the reality of man's condition:

> Emily Brontë is more concerned with what is true than what is comfortable. All of Nelly's admonitions concerning Catherine's marriage to Heathcliff or Linton are true on one plane--the social and common-sensically rational. For Catherine--they are totally false--this she asserts without defensiveness or apology but with complete self-knowledge and self-acceptance.[8]

The poetic elements in the novel point to the greater truth behind the characters and events of the novel, as they do in Jane Eyre; but because the author and the characters in the book are fully aware of this truth, there is no sense of conflict or ambivalence imparted by the language. Emily Brontë always knows exactly what she is saying, and she means what she says, as do Catherine Earnshaw, Heathcliff or even Nelly Dean. These characters do not often make excuses for their feelings, or rationalise their behaviour, and if and when they do, their lies or delusions are harshly exposed. Jane Eyre ends with ambiguity because the reader is not finally sure that reality has been confronted or that passion has been rationally released. Jane's happiness is not finally within her control. She requires coincidence and fate to supply her with the necessary events that allow her to achieve her heart's desire. The facts that she inherits money, finds a family, and that Rochester's wife dies and he becomes suitably repentant afterwards, are not controlled by anything she herself has done. Cathy and Hareton, Catherine and Heathcliff, make and earn their fulfilment and peace. By relinquishing total control of every situation, every emotion, deed and thought, the central characters in Wuthering Heights ironically acquire greater control over their own destinies and happiness. The novel acknowledges paradox, conflict and the existence of contradictory feelings, modes of existence and belief, and ends with a successful fusion of opposites. The incarnation is effected and no one can "imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth" (338). Margot Peters has appropriately called Charlotte Brontë "unquiet soul."[9] *Jane Eyre* appears to end with "perfect concord" and in fact ends by imparting a sense of ambivalence. Jane still admires the heroic power of her cousin to "subdue and rule" (423). Therefore, how can her concord be so perfect with someone who manifests the opposite qualities of character to those she continues to revere?

Virginia Woolf sees Emily as the greater poet. Perhaps she is right, for Emily accepted poetry as the medium of expression for the self yet did not make poetry somehow twist reality into fulfilling the demands and needs of the self. The self is seen as an extension of the broken cosmos: it shares and participates in the tempest and peace of the natural world where all matter ultimately dissolves into one unity of being:

> ". . . and yesternight, I was tranquil. I dreamt I was sleeping the last sleep by that sleeper, with my heart stopped, and my cheek frozen against hers."
>
> "And if she had been dissolved into earth, or worse, what would you have dreamt of then?" I said.
>
> "Of dissolving with her, and being more happy still!" (289)

Catherine's ghost assures Heathcliff, in this scene, that he does not need to delude himself into fulfilment and peace. It is something that nature promises through the Spirit that "Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears."[10]

Perhaps, however, it is unfair to judge *Jane Eyre* in relation to Wuthering Heights. The final impression of a divided will at the conclusion of Jane Eyre is consistent with a desire to compromise--somehow to fulfil the self within a context of others. Margot Peters suggests that this compromise is particularly relevant in relation to the dilemma of the modern individual: "the ambivalences of the author's personality made her incapable of the kind of emotional rigidity that simplifies man's experience."[11] Rigidity or honest realism? Reality seems to be defined for the reader by the understanding of the author and the impressions which are the result of her vision. The visions of each author become clear only through a reading of the poetry that exists in, through, and under the prose.

NOTES

Chapter I

[1] Charlotte Brontë, *The Brontës: Their Lives, Friendships and Correspondence*, ed. T. J. Wise and J. A. Symington, publ. in four vols. (Oxford: Shakespeare Head Press, 1932), II, p. 243.

[2] William Wordsworth, Preface to *The Lyrical Ballads*, ed. R. L. Brett and A. R. Jones (London: Methuen & Co., 1963), p. 250.

[3] Matthew H. Scargill, "All Passion Spent: A Revaluation of *Jane Eyre*," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XIX, (1950), p.122.

[4] Earl Knies, *The Art of Charlotte Brontë* (Athens, Ohio: Ohio University Press, 1969), p. 103.

[5] Anonymous, *The Examiner*, Jan. 8, 1848.

[6] David Cecil, "Emily Brontë and *Wuthering Heights*," *Early Victorian Novelists: Essays in Revaluation* (London: Constable and Co., 1934), p. 145.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 146.

[8] ~~Scargill, p. 125.~~

[9] Wordsworth, p. 266.

[10] Charlotte Brontë, as quoted by E. C. Gaskell in *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* (New York: Harper Bros., 1900), p. 351.

[11] Thomas De Quincey, "The Literature of Knowledge and the Literature of Power," *Thomas De Quincey*, ed. Bonamy Dobrée (New York: Shoken Books, 1965), pp. 181-86.

[12] Percy B. Shelley, "A Defense of Poetry," *Shelley's Poetry and Prose: Authoritative Texts Criticism*, ed. Donald H. Reiman and Sharon B. Powers (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1965), p. 485.

[13] Emily Brontë, "To Imagination," *A Peculiar Music*, ed. Naomi Lewis (London: The Bodley Head Press, 1971), p. 56.

[14] Emily Brontë, "No Coward Soul is Mine," *A Peculiar Music*, ed. Naomi Lewis (London: The Bodley Head Press, 1971), p. 76.

[15] Terry Eagleton, *Myths of Power: A Marxist Study of the Brontës* (New York: Macmillan, 1975), p. 19.

[16] Cynthia A. Linder, Romantic Imagery in the Novels of Charlotte Brontë (London: Macmillan, 1978), p. 31.

[17] Throughout the editions that are used of Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights are: Jane Eyre (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1981), Wuthering Heights (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1981).

[18] Eagleton, p. 12.

[19] Ibid., p. 100.

[20] Joe Lee Davis, Introduction to Jane Eyre (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1950), p. xxiv.

[21] Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Biographia Literaria (London: George Bell and Sons, 1889), p. 413.

[22] C. Day Lewis, "Emily Brontë and Freedom," Notable Images of Virtue: Emily Brontë, George Meredith, W . B. Yeats (Folcroft, Pennsylvania: Folcroft Press, 1969), p. 5.

Chapter II

[1] P. B. Shelley, "A Defense of Poetry," in Shelley's Poetry and Prose: Authoritative Texts Criticism, ed. Donald H. Reiman and Sharon B. Powers (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1977), p. 485.

[2] Charlotte Brontë, from the preface to the second edition of Jane Eyre.

[3] Matthew H. Scargill, "All Passion Spent: A Revaluation of Jane Eyre," University of Toronto Quarterly, XIX, (1950), p.120.

[4] Terry Eagleton, Myths of Power: A Marxist Study of the Brontës (New York: Macmillan, 1975), p. 19.

[5] Scargill, p. 125.

[6] Shelley, p. 480.

[7] Ibid., p. 483.

[8] Ibid.

[9] Ibid., p. 480.

[10] Margot Peters, Charlotte Brontë: Style in the Novel (Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin Press, 1973), pp. 56-57.

[11] Leo Spitzer, Linguistics and Literary History: Essays in Stylistics (New York: Russell & Russell, 1962).

[12] Helen Moglen, Charlotte Brontë: The Self Conceived (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1976), p. 122.

[13] Eagleton, p. 23.

[14] Peters, p. 55.

[15] Ibid., p. 41.

[16] Ibid., p. 43.

[17] Shelley, p. 508.

[18] Ibid., p. 485.

Chapter III

[1] V. S. Pritchett, "Implacable, Belligerent People of Emily Brontë's Novel, Wuthering Heights," from "Books in General" in New Statesman and Nation, 22 June 1946, pp. 152-55.

[2] E. M. Forster, "Prophecy," Emily Brontë and Wuthering Heights: A Casebook, ed. Miriam Allott (London: Macmillan, 1970), pp. 132-33.

[3] Terry Eagleton, Myths of Power: A Marxist Study of the Brontës (London: Macmillan, 1975), p. 98.

[4] Dennis Donoghue, Yeats (London: Fontana, Collins, 1970), p. 41.

[5] Rosalind Miles, "A Baby God: The Creative Dynamism of Emily Brontë's Poetry," The Art of Emily Brontë, ed. Anne Smith (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1976), p. 78.

[6] Barbara Hardy, "The Lyricism of Emily Brontë," The Art of Emily Brontë (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1976), p. 95.

[7] Ibid., p. 96.

[8] William Wordsworth, from the Preface to The Lyrical Ballads (1800), ed. R. L. Brett & A. R. Jones (London: Methuen & Co., 1963), p. 248.

[9] Miles, p. 79.

[10] Thomas De Quincey, "A Literature of Knowledge and a Literature of Power," *Thomas De Quincey*, ed. Bonamy Dobrée (New York: Shoken Books, 1965), pp. 181-86.

[11] Virginia Woolf, "*Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*," *The Common Reader* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1925), p. 225.

[12] *Ibid*.

[13] Charles Morgan, "Emily Brontë," *The Great Victorians* (London: Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 1932), pp. 63-79.

[14] Margaret Willy, *A Critical Commentary on Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights* (London: Macmillan, 1966), p. 38.

[15] *Ibid*., p. 39.

[16] *Ibid*., p. 45.

[17] The Oxford edition does not supply the punctuation here. I have supplied it from the Clarendon edition of *Wuthering Heights*.

[18] P. B. Shelley, "A Defense of Poetry," in *Shelley's Poetry and Prose: Authoritative Texts Criticism*, ed. Donald H. Reiman and Sharon B. Powers (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1977), p. 485.

Chapter IV

[1] Matthew H. Scargill, "All Passion Spent: A Revaluation of *Jane Eyre*," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XIX, (1950).

[2] *Ibid*., p. 121.

[3] C. P. Sanger, "The Structure of *Wuthering Heights*," publ. by Leonard and Virginia Woolf (London: Hogarth Press, 1926), from a paper read to the Heretics at Cambridge.

[4] David Cecil, "Emily Brontë and *Wuthering Heights*," in *Early Victorian Novelists: Essays in Revaluation* (London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1934), pp. 145-93.

[5] E. M. Forster, "Prophecy," in *Emily Brontë, Wuthering Heights: A Casebook*, ed. Miriam Allott (London: Macmillan, 1970), pp. 132-33.

[6] From John Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, l. 156.

[7] Terry Eagleton, *Myths of Power: A Marxist Study of the Brontës* (New York: Macmillan, 1975), pp. 101-102.

[8] Derek Traversi, "The Brontë Sisters and Wuthering Heights," in From Dickens to Hardy, ed. Boris Ford (Pelican Guide to English Literature, Penguin Books, 1958, Vol. 6), p. 266.

[9] Margot Peters, Unquiet Soul: A Biography of Charlotte Brontë (New York: Doubleday, 1975).

[10] From Emily Brontë's poem "No Coward Soul is Mine", A Peculiar Music, ed. Naomi Lewis (London: The Bodley Head Press, 1971), p. 76.

[11] Margot Peters, Charlotte Brontë: Style in the Novel (Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, 1973), p. 164.

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